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Mordecai's Last Shift.

OR

**A most Humble Address to the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy,
of Great-Britain and Ireland (but more especially to the Present truly
Faithful and Glorious Ministry) being**

PROPOSALS

For PRINTING by SUBSCRIPTION

New and Surprizing Thoughts upon all manner of Subjects,

To be Intitl'd, **THE**

ATHENIAN LIBRARY.

OR,

**A Universal Entertainment for the Lovers of Novelty, Containing Two Thousand
Distinct Treatises in PROSE and VERSE.**

Written by Mr. JOHN DUNTON,

The first Projector of the Athenian Oracle. A Member of the Athenian Society, and Author of those Early Discoveries of Dunsin's, and Bellingbrake's Treason, call'd Neck or Nothing.

To which is added Mr. Dunton's Farewell to Printing, in some serious Thoughts on those words of Solomon of making many Books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

ALSO

A Catalogue of all the Books this NOVELIST ever writ, (both in Manuscript, and such as were formerly Printed) being those Two Thousand Treatises that are to furnish out his ATHENIAN LIBRARY.

WITH

Mr. Dunton's Effigies (curiously) Drawn and Grav'd to the Life, by those Celebrated Artists Knight and Vander Gucht.

AND

Two Alphabetical Tables, the First for the ready finding any NOVELTY, in this Project, and the other containing the Names of all those Noble Patriots who (to Reward Mr. DUNTON's distinguished Service to his King and Country, and hard Study for Thirty Years in Compiling this ATHENIAN LIBRARY) have Generously Subscribed towards that GREAT CHARGE 'twill cost in fitting it for Publick View—With a Poem Intitl'd, The Generous Subscribers.

To which is added,

A Specimen of the Athenian Library Intitl'd—A Declaration of the New Pretender to his Majestys Crown, against his Rival (a Popish Impostor) that now Attempts to Usurp it, or a Dying Farewel of John the 2d. proving he has a better Title to be King of Great-Britain, then that Sham Prince of Wales, that Stiles himself James the Third. Being Mr. Dunton's Third Venture of Neck or Nothing, to save his Native Country from Tyranny, Popery and Slavery; The whole discovery Humbly Inscrib'd to his most Excellent Majesty King George, our alone Rightful and ever Glorious Sovereign.

The whole work Revised, Corrected and Approved by the several Members both of the old, and new Athenian Society, and Intermixt, and Compleated, with some of their Newest and best Thoughts, and the most refin'd part of their Writings.

'Ou parousiai yeghron. — To apyeleis zotidastai pavia.

Is qui nil dubitat nil capit inde boni — LILLY.

We all are tainted with the Athenian Itch

News, and New Things, do the whole World bewitch — Dr. WILD.

He lives that Prints altho' his Glafs were run

(Porters Immortal grow by Flesh and Bone)

If I a Poem leave that Poem is my Son — RANDOLPH.

LONDON: Printed for the Author, in the Year, 1717.

Mordecai's Last Shift, or,

To the Nobility Gentry and Clergy, of Great Britain and Ireland.

Most Illustrious Patriots! and (I'll presume to add) my Generous Benefactors!

JOHN the Second King of Portugal who for the Absence of his Mind, was worthy of a greater Kingdom, when he heard there was a Bird called a Pelican that tears and gathers her Breast with her Blood, that with her own Blood, (thus shed) she might restore her young ones to Life, that were left as Dead by the Biting of Serpents, this Excellent Prince took care that the Figure of this Bird in this Action of hers should be added to his other Royal Devices, that he might hereby shew, that he was ready upon Occasion to part with his own Blood for the Welfare, and Preservation of his People, and Country.

It would be very unjust to conceal their Names, (or Publick Services) whose Minds have been (in this matter) as Generous and Compassionate as this Prince, freely offering to Redeem the Lives and Estates of their Fellow Subjects, with the Loss of their own; how far the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, has deserv'd this Distinguished Character, of Loving his King and Country more than himself, is now submitted to their Impartial Judgment, that read that Brief Narrative of my Early and Successful Hazards, to detect the Enemies to King George, whilst the late Ministry were in Power, which I shall Intermix with these Proposals, that so by Informing the Nobility and Gentry of Great-Britain and Ireland, how often I ventured my All to secure the Protestant Succession in his Majesty's Illustrious House, it may excite 'em to such a Generous Subscription to my *Athenian Library*, as may keep me from Sinking under that Load of Debt, which I have contracted in the Service of my King and Country, and that the meanest Citizen that can bury just Earn his Bread with his daily Labour may be also encouraged to give his helping hand at this Dead Lift, if I procure Three Thousand Subscriptions to this Library, for every Single Guinea he now Subscribes, 'I'll give him Five if ever he is himself reduc'd to his Last Shift, (Provided I am then Living for I wont make my truly Honest and Generous Executor a Debtor by this Promise) and upon this Contract he may safely depend, for if I durst Boast of one good Quality 'tis that of Gratitude to a Benefactor and never breaking my word, which (as a Promise is a just Debt) with every Honest Man is as good as his Bond; and therefore as my now mixing a Brief Narrative of my former Hazards to serve the Publick with these Proposals, is purely to excite all Ranks and degrees of Men to a Grateful sense of what I have done and suffered for the good of my Country it can't be thought a dull Repetition of the same story, for a Drowning Man thinks he can never cry out too loud for Help, nor do the Compassionate By-standers, think his crying Help, Help, Help, a Thousand times any Tautology, for 'tis his Last Shift for Life, and therefore as my *Petition of Neck or Nothing* was a bold Attempt to save Great-Britain from Ruin, I humbly conceive I have a sort of Right, not only to a Generous Reward from every Grateful Subject (who if he Subscribes to my *Athenian Library*, will serve both himself and me at the same time) but also to the Royal Bounty of King George, as his Majesty has promised it to all those that have Distinguished themselves in his Service, (which I can prove I have done, if the often venturing my Life, and spending almost my All to detect the Jacobite Plots of Great-Britain and Ireland, can Prove my Distinguish'd Loyalty) and yet (who 'tis the Barren Desire of the whole Nation, that my Loyal Hazards to serve King George and his Illustrious House, should be nobly Rewarded, and tho' his Majesty seems to be of the same Opinion, by declaring in his last Speech from the Throne, That a general Expectation of all his People ought to be regarded,) I am still left to Perish by those very Wounds, I receiv'd in the Service of my King and Country, except (After Dukes, Earls, Lords and Barons, and even Levites too have Paid by me with only fair Promises to the meek Strad) my Generous Subscribers Prove that Good Samaritan that will have such Compassion on me as to bind up my Wounds, and set me cured, Lads, go. For tho' I could willingly wait many years, to partake of the Royal Gratitude of King George, yet I find my Creditors wait not, and therefore Day my Longings every Day with those blood-thirsty devils call Debtors, but on a Prisoner's terms, I can't see what Service 'tis to a Drowning Man, (alias Debtors) to arrest a much Honoured Man than himself, and one that is as Desirous to pay his Debts as the Devil pays (his Creditors) can be to have him; indeed all Men under a Cloud are call'd Jews and Knaves, (tho' the Common Language of a Rascally Creditor, when he insults an Honest Debtor,) but 'tis a word I could never agree, and by the Grace of God I will never deserve it, yet I can't deny, but most Men owe not only their Learning to their Parents, but likewise their Fortune, and their Honours; for how many Thousands are there in the World, in great Reputation for their Wealth and just Dealings with Mankind, who if they were due to their Shifts (as others as honestly earn'd are) would soon lose their Reputation, and be as ill thought of as they now think of such as are Poor and Indigent, but that the Author of *Neck or Nothing* may be an Exception to this Rule, (I mean that I may never be thought the less Honest for being Reduced to my Last Shift) I here Publickly declare if my Debtors will do my Creditors any service, (I'm so desirous to be out of Debt) if they'll pay out the bare Charge of my turning over to the New-Press, I'll surrender my self into their Merciless hands before I sleep, and will be a voluntary Prisoner during Life; and this Assurance (together with the just Satisfaction I have of paying all my Debts, by this new Project of Printing an *Athenian Library*), I hope will convince the World, but more especially, my truly worthy and much respected Friends, Mr. Tuckey, Chairman, Esq. Gifford, and the rest of my Generous Creditors, (who knowing my Impatience to

be out of Debt, Scorn to Doubt or Insult a Man in Affliction) that I have done all that becomes an Honest Man to pay all I owe to a Single Farthing; and having thus discharged my Conscience if my Drowning Creditors will make Use of my Bones, my men, (I shall thank me as offering too much that will pay all my Debts, which Debt (a Debt we all owe to Nature) would I could do I should be very willing to live by a single Imprisonment.

Thus Noble Patriots, being thro' the Cruelty of Fate, and Injustice of others Reduced to my Last Shift, have no way left me, but to Sink under my Piercing Difficulties, or to Plunge through them, all at once which I hope to do by Informing the Nation (in these Proposals) how freely and Boldly I've sold my Life and Fortune to save it from the Pressures, Poverty, and Slavery, when I was just at the Brink of Ruin but however I am now created by my successful Project (as much as formerly I was by my miserable Hazards to serve the Publick, deserv'd a Noble Reward) I have all Imaginable Reason to be Thankful to the goodness and care of Providence, I had my Length of Prosperity as well as other Men, now am I your Son, a Fortunate Man, (if my *Athenian Library* happens to please) but my Sun may rise again, and Chase that Shadow in which I am now a Wanderer, and therefore as *Neck or Nothing* is the Author of my Ruin, I have in these Proposals Expected an Honourable Expedient to pay all my Debts, (except it be those of Forgiveness and Love to my worst Enemies,) and to serve and oblige the Publick at the same time, This I hope to Effect by Publishing, *A Universal Entertainment for the Lovers of Novelty*, (which I'll entitle *The Athenian Library*) and by Gods Blessing, (without which nothing thrives) I hope to Procure a Generous Subscription to this Undertaking, and that not only from all the true Friends to his Majesty, (as they know I have ventur'd my Neck, and spent a great part of my Substance in the service of his Illustrious House,) but from all the Lovers of Novelty, whose Nice and curious Questions, I formerly answer'd in my *Athenian Oracle*, and that so much to their Satisfaction, that I don't fear One Thousand Subscriptions (at least) from my old Friends the Querrists, For to think they won't give such a small Lift as this to make my Last Shift successful, would (after my Answering all their Nice and curious Questions, for no other Reward but their kind Acceptance) Prove 'em very False and Ungrateful, for I could still produce many Hundred Letters (and those writ by Gentlemen and Ladies of the most distinguished wit and Judgment) that tell the Story can never enough requite the first Project and Author of the *Athenian Oracle*, (which I had the Honour to be, and that with such great success, that there's scarce a *Principle*, or *Shew* in the Kings Dominions but has been one of my Querrists.)

That Great and Learned Nobleman, the late Marquis of Halifax, was once pleas'd to tell me, that he constantly perus'd our *Mercurius* and had receiv'd great satisfaction from very many of our Answers.

The late Sir William Temple, a Man of a clear Judgment, and wonderful Penetration, was pleas'd to Honour me with Frequent Letters and Questions, very curious and uncommon, in particular, those about the *Talisman* are his.

The Honourable Sir Thomas Pope Blunt, when he resided in Town, has very frequently sent for me to his Chamber, and given me particular Thanks for my *Athenian Project*, and the last visit I made him, he told me the *Athenian Society* was certainly the most useful, and Informing Design, that had ever been set on Foot in England.

Alderman Hedges was pleas'd to tell me, he was so well pleas'd with the *Athenian Mercurius*, that he would send several Complaints into the *Stiles* to his Friends, and that he thought the Publick, and himself in Particular, so much oblig'd to me, that I should be always welcome to his House, and that he'd serve me to the utmost, in any thing that lay in his Power.

Neither have the *Athenian Ladies*, (or Female Querrists) of the Three Kingdoms been less Inquisitive after Knowledge, than the Male Privates have been; and therefore as all the Conventicles (supper meeting in Love and Marriage) that were formerly run to the *Athenian Society*, by *Querrists*, *Querrists*, *Querrists*, and other Ingenious Ladies were always answer'd to their Satisfaction, I hope they'll still remember their former Obligations to me, as to receive *Impartial* looks as if in a Woman as it does in a Man, and that I had not lost their Subscriptions to my *Athenian Library* (tho' it contains such Novelties in it as will both instruct and divert 'em) had I not been put to my Last Shift. But as all those *Querrists* who that weekly Honour our *Athenian Society*, with Nice and curious Questions, none so much distinguished themselves as that Angel in Earth and Heaven, that we call the *Pious Lady* (alias *Philomela*) who has borrowed the Name of the Nightingale, and her Numbers are as sweet, as the voice of that in Mute, and therefore 'twas our *Athenian Brother*, (or Reverend Poet) Dedicated the Fifth and Volume of the *Athenian Mercury*, to the *Pious Lady*, and tells the world, that all her Letters, Questions, and Poems, "have such a sweetly delicious Taste, and Mixture of Wit, as does suit the delicate and refined Taste of all Men, and that her Gold they find in it much the brightest for having it more than of Profit, being about it. Mr. W. has here given a very true Character of the *Pious Lady*, or if he has wrong'd her in any particular, 'tis by saying no more in her Praise, for her Matchless Wit and Poets, exceeds all the rest of her Sex, and was the very Life and Soul of the *Athenian Oracle*, for the Ten years it continued to Answer all Nice and curious Questions.

PROPOSALS for Printing an Athenian Library.

I had the Honour to Correspond with this *Athenian Phoenix* many years, (under the Character of a Platonic Lover) and the Letters I received from Philomela are about Six Hundred, which containing Thoughts that are worthy New and Surprising, upon all manner of Subjects, but more especially that of Platonic Friendship, as I have free leave to Print 'em (for Madam Sloger is not the Plindrick Lady that is here meant) I intend to make this Invaluable Treasure of Letters one part of my Athenian Library, and will Publish 'em with this Title, — *The Platonic Wedding, or diverting Essays, upon Courtship the Mind according to the Mode of Plato; with the Form, and Ceremony that attends the Marriage of Souls, where the Body can't (Innocently) share in the Union.* — I could name many more Honours that were done me by Sir Henry Albarr, Sir Thomas Travel, Sir Peter Pat, Sabina, Ariadne, Chloë, &c. and several other Ingenious Gentlemen and Ladies, whose Wit and Judgement the World has little Reason to Question.

These Noble Patriots, (with an Infinite Number more of their Distinguished Sense, and Character) were my Correspondents, and Querists, for the Ten years my Athenian Oracle continued to Answer all Nice and Curious Questions, which generally consisted of so much Novelty, that there was scarce a Question sent to me; but had something in it New and Surprising, and such as often Puzled all my Athenian Brethren to Answer; but more especially my self, who had always the Labouring Oar, for as the Old Athenian Society consisted only of one Parson, a Mathematician, and a Doctor of Physick, (who all liv'd at a great distance from London) had I not answered all the Occasional Questions, that were sent to the Athenian Oracle, they had continued unanswered to this day; and how far this former Drudging to oblige thy Ingenious Querists, deserves to be now Requested, (with a Generous Subscription to my Athenian Library) those Gentlemen, and Ladies will do well to consider, who know I always refused taking of Money for answering of any Question, but now being put to my Last Shift, shall be oblig'd to rein if they'll remember, that many can help one, when one can't help many; but whatever the success of these Proposals are, 'tis a real Comfort to think that neither Treason against my King, turning my Coat for Interest, Knavery in Trade, or Debauchery of any kind; has had any hand in my Rise; For my Birth Right (in Land and Houses) was worth more than Three Thousand Pounds, and I had never been put to my Last Shift, had it not been for Suretyship, Losses in Trade, and the Great Sum I have spent in the service of my King and Country, (of which more anon) and I am sure no Man can say I ever wasted my Estate by Idleness, for my Pious and Kind Master, Mr. Thomas Parkhurst did me the great Honour to tell the truly Pious, Learned and Charitable Dr. Samuel Annesley, (my ever Honour'd Father in Law) when he sent to him to know my Character, "That he never saw me once idle, or unemployed for the whole Seven years I had been his Apprentice; and to confess the Truth, my whole Life has been one continued Search after Novelty, so that no Ten, Twenty, Thirty, Forty, or Fifty Guinea Subscriber, to my Athenian Library, can have any reason to fear that his Generosity to me, will be hid in a Napkin; for (like the Athenians of old) I was never yet weary of hearing, or telling some new thing; and I have pursu'd this Athenian Humour, so far as to prove (in the Treatise intitled, *The Progressive Happiness of the Saints above*) that even in Heaven itself, we shall be eternally making New Discoveries.

That I was always that *Indefatigable Novelist* I have here related, is still further prov'd by my Happy Projection of the Athenian Oracle, and by the Great and Curious Entertainment it gave to my Native Country, for the whole Trading part of my Life, and in what useful Novelties, I have spent my Athenian Hours; ever since I have retir'd from Business, and devoted my self to a studious Life, is sufficiently seen by my Chargeable Project, intitled *The Phoenix*; (or a Revival of scarce and valuable Poems to be found only in the Closets of the curious) but more especially by that Project (mention'd in these Proposals) intitled *The Athenian Library*, for it not only contains Two Thousand Treatises in Prose and Verse, upon very uncommon Subjects, but shall be made such a Universal Entertainment for the Lovers of Novelty, that a Pious Athenian than't want any other News; for it shall contain such serious Novelty as — *The Pison of the Soul before it comes into the Body.* — *A New Project to Redem the time by living out to morrow before it comes.* (or fifty Words in seven days). — *The whole Duty of Man, as taught us by Angels, Birds and Fishes.* — *An Essay proving the Relation between Man and Wife is not dissolved by Death.* — *Plutarch is to save the damned.* — *A Paradise proving we are all Dead and Buried.* — *With what ever New, and curious Thoughts may flow in our Mental Rivers, when our Affairs, and prepare us for a future State; and so that end I shall set: — The striking Athlete on the Head of Neptune.* — (where he shall owe to the Spectators that it had been more for the Good of his Country, his own Honour, and the ease of his Conscience if he had dyed an Oathure Author, for as I never conceal my Enemies so I don't forget I am still in Debt to that Pious, Wise, and Prophane Pundit, Dr. Alexander Know-Pot, but I shall give him that cleansing Punge, that's necessary to prepare his Body for Plutarch's Madhouse) (of which the Catalogue of my writings shall give a distinct account) without any Personal Reflection except what's necessary to do Justice to my own Reputation; and to cure his Plutarch's Soul, or at least that *Alarming Lunacy*, that *Witch*, and the *First Psalm*.

I can't tell (Noble Patriots) to how many Sheets my Two Thousand Treatises (including this *Stem of Repentance*, and the Eight Serious Novels before mention'd) will amount; but were it possible (as Parity, and Novelty, are two Powerful motives to engage the Rich Athenians to a Generous Subscription, and as a Guinea the Charge of a single Book, does not exceed the Ability of the Poorest) I heartily wish my Two Thousand Treatises, might complete my Athenian Library in one Volume, but as some of my Novels make several Sheets, and my Library is to contain an entire Collection of all my Writings, this I find will be wholly impossible, however if my First Volume is Publish'd to the full Satisfaction of all my Subscribers,

(as I have reason to think it will) I don't fear the good Success of the Second, and so much the less, as Three Thousand Subscribers to my First Volume, will not only pay all my Debts, and be a Noble Reward for my Neck-Adventures, but will oblige me to Pray every Hour to the end of my Life, "That God would Reward the Generosity of my Benefactors, by increasing their Wealth, and Lawful Curiosity here, and giving them a down-bles Reward, (I mean a Progressive Happiness in new Discoveries) in the World to come, that so they may not only be Rich Athenians now, but be distinguished ones in Heaven.

This Noble Patriot shall be my daily Prayer for all the Subscribers to my Athenian Library, which (like the Athenian Oracle) was entirely my own Thought, and therefore, as the Athenian Society, and Athenian Oracle had their first meeting in my Brain, you'll easily believe that all I think, Speak, and Act, is Athenianism, or (in plainer English) That my whole Life has been one continued Search after Novelty; and therefore being now Inabled to present the Curious with something new upon all manner of Subjects, I here propose an Athenian Library as my Last Shift, (I mean as the only expedient I have now left to pay my Debts, and to serve the Publick at the same time) for I have been sufficiently convinc'd that unless a Man can either think, or perform something out of the old Beaten Road, he'll find nothing but what his Fore Fathers have found before him, and therefore I have always made it my Business to start something New, whilst others like Poor-Paddy ply only about the high Roads, and either abridge another Mans Book, or one way or other contriv'd the very Life and Soul out of the Copy, which perhaps was the only substance of the first Proprietor; so that Novelty is the Air I breathe; the last Breath I draw can never be again recover'd, (which proves every word I speak is New) and I'm sure every line I Print (except a Quotation now and then, to confirm, or Illustrate what I write) is as New as what I speak, or I cease to live as an Athenian; and 'tis for that Reason I call the entire Collection of all my Writings *The Athenian Library*, (or a Universal Entertainment for the Lovers of Novelty) as it consists of nothing else but what is New, my Two Thousand Treatises are all New either as to the Subject, Method in handling, or as they consist of Original Manuscripts, and nothing that isn't wholly New, (in one Respect or other) shall come into my Athenian Library, so that I don't scruple to call it my Last Shift, for (as 'tis an Athenian Age we live in) if a Subject of so much Novelty don't succeed (so far as to pay my Debts and to Reward my New-thinking) nothing will.

Noble Patriots! Having given you a Brief account of the Rise and Design of *Montcal's Last Shift*, and what Reason I have to expect that all the Lovers of Novelty (but more especially my Ingenious Friends the Querists) should be Generous Subscribers to my Athenian Library. I'll now Proceed to inform the Publick, I hope to Receive the same generous Treatment from the rest of his Majestys true Friends, (I mean the Nobility and Gentry of Great-Britain, but more especially the present truly Faithful and Glorious Ministry) and that not only as they know what I did, and suffered for his Majestys Honour, in the worst of times; but as they are Great Lovers of Novelty, and I presume to say, they'll think this no Reflection either on their Honour or Judgment, for all Ages (as if Athens had been the Original) have been Curious in their Enquiries; (that is Lovers of Novelty). Curiosity it self is so much a part of Nature, that 'tis seldom laid aside till the whole Frame is dissolv'd; which made Dr. Wild say,

We all are tainted with the Athenian Itch,

News, and New Things, do the whole World bewitch.

There's nothing the Nature of Man is more desirous of then Knowledge, he pursues it to a Fault, and will fly even to Hell it self to advance it, however a just Prosecution thereof by due means, is both Lawful, and highly commendable, in the Poorest Man, but more especially in our Nobility, and Gentry, who as they have more Leisure, and Greater Estates, then the Common People, have generally a desire after Novelty in proportion to their Exalted State; from which Athenian Temper, we may fairly argue That the Human Mind, tho' it has lost its Innocence, and made Shipwreck of the Image of God, yet the desire of Knowledge is undestroy'd. Mankind are sunk as (it were) into Shadow, and Darkness, and now and then they see some Glimmering Apparition of Truth, but yet 'tis to be as Glorious 'tis fleeting as a Vision. The soul wants as much jilted, and jugged with a walking kind of Happiness, which is promising enough, but always underperforming. Thus the Human Understanding and the Will, being under Penal Banishment from Truth, and Goodness, and yet tantaliz'd with the Appearance of both; the soul must suffer under a world of uneasiness and Pain, for what Misery is more exquisite, then when the Faculties, and their Objects are divorced?

Now under this Condition, what Project (or Last Shift) could be more agreeable, or so likely to please either his Majesty, or Gentry, (or even the meanest Person, who all are tainted with the Athenian Itch, who are in so high a degree as the Rich) then that which promises at least to open the Athenians, raise the Soul as 'twere into Day Light, and restore the Knowledge of Truth, and Happiness, that had wandered so long unknown, and found out by New.

This (by presenting the World with a System of New Thoughts upon all manner of Nice, and Curious Subjects, and those very different from the Common Received Opinions) is the Great Design of my Athenian Library; Then can such a Nice, and Universal Entertainment for the Lovers of Novelty, mix'd of a Generous Subscription, from the Nobility, and Gentry, (or even from the Poorest Athenian that can either Earn, or Borrow, or I had almost said, Beg a Guinea) and that too when this Collection of Novelty, has been the Hard, and Constant study of a meer Anti-Work for Thirty Years; and he such a Loyal Athenian, that he not only ventur'd his All to save his Country from Ruin, but has been (almost) Ruin'd by that venture.

'Twas (*Noble Patriot*) this Love to Novelty, together with that Trans-
 porting and Innocent Taste, I had of *Plato*, *Wit*, and *Poetry*, for the many
 years I corresponded with that *Athenian* (or *Pindarick*) Lady *Philomela*,
 that put me on Writing those Two Thousand Treatises, in Prose and
 Verse, which I intitle *The Athenian Library*, neither is that Number to
 be wondered at, for the Mind of Man is naturally Active, and prone to
 Thoughts, 'tis daily forming some New Project; In a Moment, with the
 flight of a Thought, it mounts from Earth to Heaven, and back again, from
 Age to Age; from Present to Future, like Lightning it shoots from East
 to West, vanishing in Appearance: So that a Project, (or New Thought)
 design'd for the Press, has no other being, but what it borrows from the
 Authors Fancy, which (did the world but give him Encouragement) might as
 well produce two Thousand, as two Hundred Projects. Then *Noble Athe-*
nians (For if even in Heaven we shall continue *Athenians*, as I prove in
 the *Athenian Library*; I can't salute our Nobility, and Gentry by a greater
 Title) if a New Project (or delicate Thought) is the Finest Production of
 the Mind, and the Flower of Wit, it fairly Proves our *British Patriots*,
 (but more especially the *Present Ministry*) are great Lovers of Novelty, for
 no Court in Europe is adorn'd with so many Accomplish'd Statesmen, with
 Senators, and first Rate Wits, where's the Court can show us, a Second
Marlborough, *Drumville*, *Newcastle*, *Cowper*, *Sunderland*, *Townsend*, *Lad-*
gan, *Bohmer*, *Parker*, *King*, *Compton*, *Stanhope*, *Walpole*, *Onslow*, *Gwin*,
Hampden, *Addison*, *Blackmore*, *Garrick*, *Steel*, and five Hundred *Glorious He-*
roes, I could name more of *Distinguish'd Sense* and *Merit*; yes, *Noble Athe-*
nians you are all Men of Refin'd Wit, and Judgment, and know when a
 New Thought ought to live and Flourish, and when to pass for no better
 than a *Heterodon* and *Groundless Notion*, and therefore to your Impartial
 Censure, I submit my Two Thousand Novelties, as not doubting if my Spee-
 chmen of 'em (annext to these *Proposals*) has the Honour to meet with
 your Approbation, but you'll be Generous Subscribers to my whole *Athenian*
Library, or if not I shall never see the light, 'tho I should be forc'd to
 starve out my Remaining time, for my Pen as dull as it is, could never
 be tempted with Money, where the Subject did not please me (or Men of
 Orthodox Judgments.) For tho I am an *Athenian* both by Nature, and
 Practice, yet I'll never write to Gratify the Folly, or vain Curiosity of any
 Man, were he never so Great, Noble, or Rich, for such are as Curious to
 know more than a Revel'd, are a sort of Madmen, that to be cur'd of
 the *Athenian itch*, go to the Devil for Brimstone. One would think indeed
 one could not be too Curious, nor delicate in searching after Novelties,
 but Men ever *Recline*, sometimes with thinking too Nicely, and then the
 Thought (or Project) degenerates into a Subtlety, which stretches into
 what we call *Pain Curiosity* this subtle projecting is an exquisite Affec-
 tion, or an *Italian* calls it, *A distillation of the Brain*; and therefore
 such Curious Madmen will be fit Companions for *Pope Alexander* when he
 comes to be one of my *Raving Patients*, but *Athenianism* (or a search af-
 ter Novelties) may be so Refin'd as to become a duty, The Ingenious Mr.
Hurst being sensible of this directs his Hearers * Now they may enquire after

* See Mr. Hurst's
 Sermon in the Casu-
 istical Morning Exer-
 cise. p. 400.

will be so Foolish sure as to assist this, for 'tho my *Athenian Library* con-
 tains many Thousand Thoughts that are wholly New, and Surprising,
 (but more especially where I treat of Heaven, and Hell, and the Nature
 Conceptions, and Actions of unbody'd Spirits, &c.) yet what appears
 Reasonable, wants no other Recommendation than being so, and as to what
 appears ever strange, let the Reader consider, that *Philosophy* had never
 been improv'd, had it not been for New Opinions, which afterwards were
 rectified by *Abler Pens*, and so the First Notions were lost, and Nameless
 under New Superstructures, but such a Fate is too agreeable for my Judgment
 to Repine at, or my Family to hope for, however being encourag'd by seve-
 ral Persons of Quality, (of which more anon) to Print, An Entire Collection
 of all my Writings, under the Title of *Athenian Library*, I'll now mount the
 Stage to fight the Critics at all Weapons, for as I was Chose and continued
 a Member of the *Athenian Society*, for the whole time the *Athenian Ora-*
cle, or Question Project was Publish'd; the *Tory Critics* can't but know, that
Athenianism was entirely my own Project, and that the *Athenian Society*,
 and *Athenian Oracle*, (as I was the First Projector, and Author of both)
 lye under a sort of Necessity to defend whatever bears the *Athenian* Name,
 and with such Learned Seconds, I shan't fear to Reprint and defend an
 Entire Collection of all my Writings, (both in Manuscript, and such as were
 formerly Printed) and that under the Title of *Athenian Library*, which (to gra-
 tify the *Nicest Palates*,) shall be Revised, Corrected and Approv'd, by the se-
 veral Members both of the Old and New *Athenian Society*, and *Intermixt*, and
 Compleated with some of their Newest and best Thoughts, and the most Re-
 fin'd parts of their Writings, so that I don't fear but this *Nice*, and Elaborate
 Work, will give full satisfaction even to my *Tory Subscribers*, ('tho to
 write Honestly, and to please Madmen, will be a very Difficult Task)
 and as to my Friends the *Whigs*, as they know the desperate
 Hazards I lately ran to secure to 'em their Religion and Liberties,
 I don't fear but they'll all cover my Fallings with the Mantle of Love, and
 Gratitude. But whether they do or no, sure I am *John Dunton* that durst
 be Honest, whilst a Corrupt and Jacobite Ministry sat at Helm, would be
 both Fool, and Knaves too if he en't so. In that Golden Age that King
 George has Reviv'd, by his Royal Example, Steady Reign, and Employing
 none but Faithful Patriots, for *Pertus* is its own Reward, and for that Rea-
 son I no more fear'd Greatness, in the worst of times, then I court it now
 in the best. 'Tis the Opinion of several Clergymen, and Eminent Citizens,
 that my Scorning to Flatter, Avarice and Ingratitude, in some Great Men,

has been the Reason why my Publick Services, have been thus long conceal'd
 from his Majesty, but if this Suspicion be true, I pray God forgive all
 those that are my Enemies, because I tell 'em the Truth, for (I bless God)
 I dare be Honest, and will therefore Flatter no Man in his Vices, (be he
 never so Great or Rich) 'tho I flave all the way to my Grave, for if I
 must be confin'd to a Prison, I shall even there Prove that *Virtue* and *sincere*
Loyalty to King George is its own Reward. I confess had ones Soul been
 tainted with that Mean and Beggerly Vice of *Inordinately seeking after more*
than the Necessaries of Life, I should have been as ready to Flatter, or
 Cringe for Honour, or Riches as any Man whatsoever, but I chuse rather
 to serve my Country, (in the Bold Discoveries I make in Religion, Poli-
 ticks, or Conversation) then to Flatter the Greatest Whig in the Kingdom, in
 his Pride, Avarice, and Ingratitude; I own this is Plain English, but I
 shall never scruple to say, that the Golden Age can never Flourish in Great-
 Britain, till Lords and Dukes grow so Pious and Humble, as to take those
 for their best Friends that dare not Flatter 'em in any Vice, which I wou'd
 not do (as a good Confession is Preferable to Earthly Grandeur) to be
 Lord High Treasurer of Great-Britain. 'Tis true such Plain Dealing as
 this, was ever accounted a *Clownish Pertus*, and thought to Proceed from
 want of Breeding, or Good Manners; but sure I am there is no Law
 under Heaven, which hath its Rise from Nature or Grace, that forbids
 Men to deal Honestly, and Plainly, with the Greatest Persons, in matters
 of Highest Importance to their Present and Future Good, on the Contrary,
 the Dictates of both enjoin every Man that Office to his Neighbour, and
 from charity among Private Persons it becomes a Duty indispensible to the
 Publick, nor do worthy Minds think ever the less kindly of Honest, and
 Humble Monitors, and God he knows that oft times Princes are deceiv'd,
 and Kingdoms languish for want of them, and therefore 'twas declared
 by a great Divine, to the House of Commons, (in the Year, 42.) All how
 you will, you will never gain your Enemies, All justly you will never lose
 your Friends: 'Tis certain, (says the Reverend Author of *Mordecai's Memo-*
rials) "The safest way for his Majesty to make the Crown of these Kingdoms
 " sit easy upon his own Head, and to transmit it down to his Posterity, is
 " to make an Effectual Distinction, betwixt the known Friends of the Crown
 " Settlement, who upon Principles, which no Time can change, are invia-
 " bly attached to it, and the open Enemies of it, who are, and will remain
 " so upon opposite Principles; how far this is Applicable to his Majesties
 Interest, to the Treason of the *Tory Rebels*, to the true and Spotless Loyalty
 of the *Disfenters*, and Low Churchmen, or to my own Case as an unward-
 ed Sufferer for the Glorious Cause of Religion and Liberty, I refer to the
 Serious Consideration of every Loyal Subject, into whose Hands these *Pro-*
posals shall come. For as the Reverend Author of *Mordecai's Memo-*
rials has inform'd the Present Ministry, "That 'tis a great Disaffection to the
 " whole Kingdom, that Poor Mordecai (after renouncing Rich or No-
 " thing, to serve the Publick) is still left Perishing under a Load of Debts,
 " contracted in the Hazardous service of his Country; I dare not think that
 any True Patriot will be able to bear the Thought, that I should live in
 Daily Fears of an Arrest, when one Thousand Pounds, will pay all my
 Debts, and clear my whole Estate from Incumbrance, which Three Thou-
 sand Subscriptions to my *Athenian Library*, wou'd Effect in a Week's time,
 but whether I am thus Reward'd or not, I here declare to all his Majesties
 Subjects, I shall ever think it a Greater Dignity, to Beg in the Service of
 King George, then to be a *Pier-Boy* to a Popish Impostor, which I don't
 speak because I repent of my *Nick Adventures* to serve the Publick, or out of a
 Just Repentment that those Great Men that are near the King, han't yet
 done me that Honour and Justice, as to inform his Majesty, that Nothing
 is yet done to Reward Poor Mordecai's Loyal Hazards, in Detecting the
 Traytors to his Sacred Person; for had I as many Necks as I have Hair
 on my Head, I'd still venture 'em all in the service of King George, and
 shall ever think the bare Satisfaction of having done my Duty to my Prince,
 as Good as a Royal Bounty; for (as I said before) *Pertus* is its own Reward,
 and such a Glorious Recompence, as that will atone for all the Sufferings,
 and Losses, I lately met with in the Service of my King, and Country, I
 don't speak this out of nay Distrust of the Generous Gratitude of King George,
 when ever I Fling my self at his Royal Feet, with a *Petition* setting forth
 what Seasonable, and Desperate Service I did for his *Illustrious House*, by
 offering to Prove *Rich or Nothing*, a True Narrative at the very time when
Bolingbroke had issued out Six Warrants to seize my Person for writing it,
 which was such a Bold Proposal (after my Friends had beg'd me to Fly to
 Hanover for a Reward, and Protection, for my Daring to detect the secret
 Enemies to that Court) as not only frighted Oxford and Bolingbroke into
 New Measures to conceal their Treason, and Villany, but made 'em so Quar-
 rel with one another, and Lady Abigail (as I prove at large in my *New Dis-*
coveries, intitled, *The Queen Killers*, insert'd in my *Athenian Library*, and
 never Publish'd before) as wholly defeated the Jacobite Plot, that was then
 carrying on in the Royal Palace, to Restore the Pretender; and the Two
Popish Plots for Lifting Men in Ireland, for the Pretenders Service, and
 that Hatching in Southwark for his Restoration, had certainly taken Ef-
 fect, had not the Early Discoveries I made of 'em in my *Nick or Nothing*,
 and Court Spy timely Prevented both, as I can Prove by a Reverend Clergyman,
 (now living in Shadwell) and other Credible Witnesses, and 'tis not only
 acknowledg'd by the whole Nation (by its earnest desire to have me nobly
 Reward'd, for these *Nick Adventures* that sav'd Great-Britain from Ruin)
 but was so well known to those Two Glorious Patriots, the late Bishop of
 Salisbury, and late Marquis of Wharton, that had they liv'd I had not been
 forc'd to ask for that Royal Reward, that they both thought I deserv'd, or
 had never call'd me *The Patriot of Great-Britain*, (as they often did) for
 daring to Prove Oxford, and Bolingbroke Two Judas Statesmen, in the

PROPOSALS *for Printing an* Athenian Library.

† See the Essay Intituled when no Man else durst give 'em an ill word, Royal Gratitude. p. 17. which (says that Person of Honour that In-

Considering all the Traitors Accused, were then Reigning Favorites, was the most desperate measure this Age has known, and that not only in the Opinion of the Loyal Whigs, but even in the Judgment of the Tories themselves, Dr. Swift (a Notorious Jacobite) having told the World, *

" *in his Treatise* intitled, *The Publick Spirit of the Whigs* p. 3, 4.

"a most Cutting Satyr, upon the Lord
 Treasurer, and Lord Bollingbroke, and I wonder none of our
 Friends ever undertook to Answer it. I confess I was at first of the
 same Opinion with several good Judges, who from the *Style and man-*
ner, supposed it to have issued from the Sharp Pen of the Earl of *North-*
ampton, and I am still apt to think, it might receive his *Lead-ship* last hand;
 for Mr. *Dunton* has set before us the Proceedings of the Queen, and her
 Servants, in a much clearer Light than the Author of the *cribis* has done,
 who he hath *Qualities* enough to denominate him a *Fifth Rate Au-*
thor.

Thus far the Reverend and Learned Dr. Jonathan Swift, who 'tho' a great Jacobite, and as such my avow'd Enemy, yet does me the Honour to call my *Neck or Nothing*, a *Cutting Satire* upon the Lord Treasurer, and Lord Bolingbroke, and to affirm it call'd 'em more then any other *Pamphlet*, had done; during their whole Reign; and for that Reason, neither *Queen Robin*, nor his *Brother Traytor*, durst attempt to Answer it any other way then by giving out, the Author of it was *Stark Mad*; while was to great a Fainthood, that in my Treatise call'd *Whig Loyalty*, I offer'd to appear, and Prove all my *Discoveries*, Provided the Queen would grant her *Royal Protection* to my self and Writings, but instead of that, *Bolingbroke* swore, I should have no Favour, either from the Queen, or her *Ministers*, and that I *deserv'd to be put into a Thousand Places*; and at that time (as Mr. Barlow the Queens Messenger afterwards told me) could he have found me out, he had certainly given me a Mortal Stab. But notwithstanding *Bolingbroke's* Spight and Rage, I was resolv'd not to Fly from London, where I thought one Life was too little to Hazard, in detecting his Majesties *Yanew Enemies*, that then (under the Character of *Faithful Ministers*) were Actually plotting to Restore the *Preiender*; I confess this was such a *Neck Adventure*, as few will Credit, but I am able to Prove it, by my worthie Friends, Mr. Tuckey, (the Printer of the *Flying Post*) Mr. Sumpters, Mr. Hixby, and above an Hundred more *Credible Persons*, that I never left the City of London, in the time of my greatest Danger, but went every Day to the *Royal Exchange*, or some Publick *Coffee-House*, for the whole Time Six Messengers were in Search for me, as believing no Friends, to the *Professor of Succession*, would betray me into the Hands of either *Oxford* or *Bolingbroke*, who ('tho' the *Sacheverelle Faction* had cry'd 'em up for two *Loyal Patriots*) I had fairly proved were two *Great Traytors*, but 'tho' I was not afraid of a *Guilty Ministry*, yet my Friends were, and therefore in this *Dangerous Conjunction*, extremely persw'd me to fly to *Hannover*, (where I was told my *Neck or Nothing* had been kindly received) or else to Answer to the Duke of Marlborough, to whom Lord Cadogan did me that great Honour, as to promise to deliver my *Neck or Nothing* with his own Hand, but I thought my self too secure in my own *Innocence*, and honest design of serving my Country, (by making Discoveries that no Man was entrusted with but my self, or had Courage enough to publish, whilst the Traytors accus'd, govern'd the Nation) that I absolutely refus'd to fly, as believing a *good Cause* was the *best Protection*, as well as its own *Reward*; and 'twas for that Reason that I sent Word to my Lord Bolingbroke.

† See my *Essay*,
Twisted Neck or No-
thing. p. 40.

there was great Occasion for this Resolution in the late Times of Iniquity and Danger ; For England was the Scene of Action, and here was the Place where his Majesty was to be served, and for that Reason I positively refus'd both the Advice of flying, and the Recommendation of Letters which their Lordships the late Earl of Wharton, and Bishop of Salisbury would have given me from themselves, and procured me from others of his Majesty's Friends, Englishmen (Noble Patriots) do not use to Fear whilst they have Truth, and the Laws of their Country on their Side ; And so zealous was I for the Succession of King George's illustrious House, that I would rather have suffered all that the Malice of its Opposers then in Power could Possibly inflict, nay Death it self (which I confess was less formidable to me) than so much as in Appearance (or by Flight) have betray'd so just, so Noble, and so Bright a Cause, as that I was then engag'd in, but could have serv'd but by Halves, If I had ventur'd any thing less than *Nothing* or *Nothing*, in detecting the Treason and Villany of the late Ministry ; So that my Early Discoveries of *Oswald* and *Salisbury's* Treason were properly call'd *Nothing* or *Nothing*, for there is never a *Whig Author* in Great-Britain, that will so farblemish his House's Character (or is so *Pain* or *Conscience*) as to say he has ran the Fortieth part of those Desperate Hazards, that I did in Accusing *Reigning Favorites* ; yet I sincerely declare to my Benefactors, as much as I desire a General Subscription to my *Athenian Library*, for this *National Service*, I so little value a Great Estate, (except purely for the sake of serving my Country, and Feeding the Poor, and Miserable) that to be out of Debt, and to Receive but a Comfortable Pension, (whilst I prepare for a better Life) is all the *Riches* I desire in this World, and I'm sure to doubt my obtaining such a *Royal Bounty* as this, would

to cast very undeserved Reflections upon the *Generous Gratitude* of King George. For that Eminent Clergyman that writ *Mordecai's Memorial*, tells the World, " That had he done as signal Service for his Majesty, as the *British Mordecai*, (Mr. Dunton) he would not Exchange either Merit, or Rewards with Sir Richard Steele, neither are that Knights Convers (*adds this Reverend Author*) near so many as those Mr. Dunton made by his *Work or Nothing*, and yet Poor *Mordecai* is still neglected, when Sir Richard (by having Friends at Court) has not only all his Debts Paid, but by his Majesty, but is advanced to Places of near 3000 *l.* a year. Thus far the Author of *Mordecai's Memorial*, whose Generous Concern for my being yet unrewarded, I mention for no other end but to excite the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy, of Great Britain, to be Generous Subscribers to my *Athenian Library*, but whether they are or not, this is certain the *Jacobins* swear, that if ever their *Papish Idol* is Crown'd King (if I am then living) that I shall be the first Man they'll Hang, for proving of him a *Papish Impostor*, & and have I so *Greatly distinguished my self*

In his Majesty's Service, that I shall be the First Man
 that his Enemies resolve to Hang, for detecting
 their *Papish Sham*, and shall I be the *Last* Reward-
 ed, by those that are now reaping the Advantage
 of my *Loyal Hazards*, to Secure to 'em their *Reli-
 gion, Lives, and Estates* let any Man of Common Honour, or Justice, fa-
 vourably consider what he'd think of such Treatment as this, were it his
 own Case, and then if a *Rich Man* and True Lover of King George I don't
 fear his being a Generous Subscriber, to save *Dunston* out of a Prison, who
 has ventur'd his *All* (unask'd) to secure to him King *William's Legacy*, the
 Protestant Succession in the *Illustrious House of Hanover*.—Perhaps some
Great-Little-Men (to excuse their own *Avarice, or Ingratitude*) may call
 me a *Madman*, for speaking that *Plain English* (in these *Proposals*) that
 every Honest *Brittain* must needs, utter, that has ventur'd his *Neck for Nothing*,
 or serv'd his Country for no better Reward than his own Ruin; (or
 not Six Pence more than has bore the Charge of his *Ramble to Court*, to
 tell the Story of his *Neck Adventures*) but I value no undeserved Censure,
 for sure I am there is not one Man in the whole Kingdom (from the *Duke*
 to the meanest Person) but if Pinch with half that *Ingratitude* as I have
 met with, but wou'd cry out, 'tho perhaps not so *Low* as I shall do, if (after
 Publishing these *Proposals*) I find there is no such thing, as *Honour, or Con-
 science, or Gratitude*, upon the Face of the Earth. But these *Illustrious
 Vertues* will always be found in our Protestant Monarchs, whilst King George,
 or any Branch of his *Illustrious House* sits on the *British Throne*, his
 Majesty having declared to his People, "He would never forget the *Obliga-
 tion* he had to those that had *Distinguished themselves, by their Zeal and
 Firmness* to the Protestant Succession, against all the *Open, and Secret, Pra-
 vices* that had been us'd to Defeat it, and therefore (as I don't find my self
 excepted in this General Promise) I may justly expect that the *Royal Bounty*
 of King George, will (one time or other) be extended to me, in Pro-
 portion to those *Desperate Hazards* I ran to serve him, when the *Protestant
 Succession* was so near being Defeated, and sure I am some *Great Men*, (now
 living at Court) are of the same Opinion, or had never made so many So-
 lemn Promises, to seek all Occasions to inform his Majesty how much I had
distinguished my self in his Service; 'tis true *Court Promises* (except those
 made by the King, and the Present Ministry) are never made with a de-
 sign to be kept, and therefore are Generally forgotten as soon as made,
 (For *Alas*) these *Court Friends* (who they repeated their Promises to my self
 in Person, and in several Letters which I have still by me) never yet spok-
 e to the King about me, or I had long since been *Nobly Rewarded*, his Ma-
 jesty having never made one False, or ungrateful Serp, since he Reviv'd
 that *Golden Age* that vanished with the Life of our *Glorious William*;
 but who the King in himself be thus *truly Good and Generous*, yet Princes
 are forc'd to See and Hear, by the Eyes and Ears of their Subjects, and
 therefore I can't expect that my *Loyal Hazards* should be Rewarded, 'till
 some *Noble Patriots* have Inform'd the King of my Publick Services (which
 I hope will be done upon their reading of these *Proposals*) and in the
 mean time I hope those *Great Men* that ought in *Honour and Justice* to have
 told his Majesty, That nothing was yet done for *Mordacai*, will requite my
 being thus long neglected, by a *Speedy, and Generous Subscription*, to my
Athenian Library, this being the last Favour I shall ask of 'em, or of any o-
 ther Nobleman, Gentleman, or Fellow Subject, for my many, and Succes-
 sful Hazards to serve the Publick, or if either *Forgetfulness, Avarice, or
 Ingratitude*, shou'd Prevent their being thus *Grateful* to Poor *Mordacai*,
 (For I dare not call it *Charity*, lest I reflect upon the *Honour and Justice*
 of those *British Patriots* whose Lives and Fortunes I ventur'd to save as
 all Hazards, and with such great success) I shall be forc'd to Groan out
 my few Remaining Days from the *Fleet Prison*, in Weekly Petitions to the
 Royal Honour, Justice, and Gratitude of King George, but I verily think
 the Present Faithful and Glorious Ministry will never suffer my untainted
Loyalty to be put to this *Dismal Shift*, it being well known to the Right
 Honourable Mr. Secretary *Stanhope*, that the *Swedish Plotters* have sent me
 word, that "If (at this Juncture) I desert the Ungrateful Whigs, (as
 they call those Glorious Patriots, that now surround his Majesty's Throne)
 Recant of what I writ against the Pretender, and turn Jacobite in good
 Earnest, that (when their *Sham King* lands his High-Church Rebels in
 Great-Britain) I shall not only be Rewarded with Titles of Honour,
 and a Noble Pension, but be made one of his Distinguished Favorites,
 but I take the Great God of Heaven and Earth to Witness, (I so perfectly
 hate both the *Rebellious Principles* and Cause of those *Innate Devils* we
 call Jacobites) I had much rather Starve in a Jail, (with *Pray Remember*
the Poor Prisoners, then to have any Hand in making my Countrymen *Papists* or
Slaves; and for that Reason, I never promote the Pretenders Interest, either
 with my *Pen or Sword*, tho I was sure to be *Mur'd, Slay'd, or Hang'd* for this

Mordecai's Last Shift, Or,

this Resolution, which is what the Jacobites threaten me with, in case I won't accept of their *Proposals* of being *Rich and Great*, under their *Papish* (or High-Church) King and Ministry, which they say, "were ever Grateful, and will be so to me in a most Particular Manner, as they believe" my Recanting of having prov'd the Pretender a *Papish Impostor*, will "bring many Thousand Whigs into their Interest; what *Peas*, and *Knaves*, (or rather *Madmen*) are these Jacobites to imagine after I had ventured my *Neck*, and *Effort* to secure the Protestant Succession in the House of Hanover, I should now (for Imaginary Honour or Riches) Recant of my being an Honest Man, and a True Protestant, No by the Grace of God I'll ever Pre'er these two Splendid Titles to the Highest Preference any Earthly Monarch can give me, if inconsistent with this shining Character, for how much Greater is it to have it said of me, *that goes a poor Honest Man, and sincere Protestant with scars a Shift to his Back, and that will soon be in a Jail, for the Debts contracted in the Service of his King and Country*, then to have it affirm'd, *that goes a Rich Fool, Knave or Madman, (alias Jacobite) that has sold his Religion, and Country, to make himself Rich and Great*; but 'tho John Dunton will be always the same Honest Man, under all events, and in spite of all Temptations to Rich Villany, yet I can't but own as I have often ventur'd my *All* to serve the Publick (And that so lately that 'tis Generally thought that my Discovery of the Design of Landing Twenty Thousand Men in the *Ile of Thamez* occasioned that Camp that is now forming at *Black Heath*) I think the Publick ought in Honour and Justice to pay my Debts, and to see my Loyal Hazards Rewarded, which would be soon Effectuated would some Generous Patriot procure me his Majesty's Royal Subscription to my *Athenian Library*, for *Regis ad Exemplum &c.* and all the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy of Great-Britain and Ireland would soon follow the Royal Example of a Generous Subscription by a British Monarch.

"This says (a great Divine *) is the case of our British Mordecai, and * In his late Essay "therefore (adds this Reverend Person) Mordecai must have something done for him, otherwise Intitled, Mordecai's "the Loyal Whigs now in Place, would be ex-Memorial. p. 15. 22. "ceeding ungrateful. When Mr. Dunton (continues this Reverend Clergyman) engag'd in his hazardous Undertakings, "in which he has met with most remarkable Success, he might have had "Security, from the Men now in Power, that in case the Scheme laid to "bring in the Pretender, and defeat the Settlement of the Crown upon "the Protestant Line, should effectually be detected and overthrown, and "themselves plac'd where they are, that he should never want a Share "in their Fortune; that every Office in their Power should, 'tho unask'd, be employ'd to raise him above Straits, to make him easy thro' "the remainder of his Days. And now that his Endeavours have succeeded, and been the Means to raise and set them in the Saddle, the poor Man, to whom in good Measure they owe their Posts and their Honours, has been above two Years forgotten, and nothing done for him. Tho' (continues this Honest Clergyman) it is so far from being below the Greatest Men in Britain to espouse the Cause of poor Mr. Dunton, that they could not do themselves more Honour; it is no less than their Duty, the Debt of Gratitude they owe, and the neglect of it would render them dishonourable, and Mean. For Mr. Dunton (continues this Grateful Clergyman) is that Poor Man by whom the City was sav'd, and whose Services and Sufferings cannot miss of a Noble Reward, if their be either Honour or Conscience, or Gratitude upon the Face of the Earth.—Thus far that Eminent Clergyman who writ that Essay Intitled, *Mordecai's Memorial, or there's nothing done for him*; but alas King George having not yet heard the Hundreth part how much I have distinguish'd myself in his Service, I have yet had no other (or but very little) Reward except *Oldham's Fate, Poverty, and Praise*.

'Tis true when his Excellency the Baron de Balthazar did me the Honour to Present to the King my Essay Intitled, *The Golden Age*, his Majesty gave special Order to Mr. Gatchey (his Privy Secretary) to give me a *Gold Medal* of considerable Value, both as an Acknowledgment of my Publick Services, and (I hope) as a Mark of that Royal Bounty that he designs farther to bestow upon me, (which if Common Fame may be depended upon is a Thousand Pounds to pay my Debts, and a Pension of 300 l. a year during Life) 'Tis also contelt that many of those *Illustrious Patriots* that are now at the Helm, have express'd their Grateful Sense of my Loyal Hazards to serve the Publick in several Golden Presents, but all these *Gratuities* (tho very Noble) have been no more than an Earnest of their Representing my Case to the King, so that, I am brought to my *Last Shift*, in the Daily Expectation of Plenty, and (except some Noble Patriots will Subscribe to my *Athenian Library*, in so Generous a manner as may keep me out of the *Balliffs Hands*) am like to starve in a Prison, for that Distinguished Service, that the King declared from the Throne, he will never forget; (I. e. will Nobly Reward) would those Great Men that are near his Person but let him know it. Ah! Mr. Ridpath could you, and I but have turn'd Villains (I. e. could you fly every Week with the same Ingenuity, and Zeal, to Ruin your Country as you do to save it, and could Mordecai venture *Neck or Nothing* to Promote the New Intended Rebellion, with as much Courage as he does to defeat it in the Specimen added to these *Proposals*) would a Tory Ministry have forc'd us to Petition the King for that Royal Reward which the whole Nation says we deserve? or have suffered our Jacobite Service to have brought us to our *Last Shift*? How Generously a Tory Ministry might have Rewarded my Plain English (or Blunt way of Writing) to Ruin my Country, I can't say, but sure I am they would never have treated that *Stout Martyr* Mr. George Ridpath with the least Ingratitude, for he was ever a Conquerour in any Argument he Pretends to defend; (witness his Matchless Essay Intitled, *Parliamentary Right Main-tain'd, or the Hanover Succession Justified*) and has had the Honour to be

call'd by the Dutch Gazetteer, one of the best-writers in England. From all which I may justly infer that if a Tory Ministry is always thus Generous to the Tools they employ to Ruin their Country, (of which Dr. Swift's having a Thousand Pounds a year for Writing that Jacobite Paper call'd *The Examiner*, and the Gift of St. Andrews Parish to that *Papish Brother* Dr. Sacheverell are two known Instances) there can be no doubt but a *Whig Ministry*, (who were always Faithful to their Great Trust) will be as Grateful to those that have ventur'd their *All* to secure to 'em their Religion, and Liberties; it has been thought that *Generosity, Gratitude, and Good Faith*, were the Glorious and Distinguishing Characters of the Whigs and whether indeed they are so, the Good, or Bad Treatment Mr. Ridpath, and I shall meet with for our Distinguished Services, will go a great Length to Determine; and therefore when the Hurries at Court are a little over (on the Account of that Swedish Invasion that is now Threaten'd) I make no Question but we shall both Pertake (in a most Generous manner) of the Royal Bounty of King George, it being well known to the Present Ministry (as well as to the whole Nation) that *The Flying Post*, and *The Neck Adventurer* bore the whole Heat, and Burthen of the Day, for the Four years Queen Robin, and King Abigail Govern'd the Nation, till they had Trickt Queen Anne to her *Last Shift*, (I. e. had put her under a Necessity of Dying, to avoid feeling that Ruin they had Secretly brought on the whole Kingdom, by attempting to put a *Papish Head on a Protestant Body*, I mean by their Plotting to restore the Pretender.)

Noble Patriots—I beg your Pardon for my being thus very Tedious in my Introduction to the *Proposals*, for Printing my *Athenian Library*, but as my Creditors Patience is worn out, and am Pleading as 'twere for Life; (for if I am forc'd to Publish those Three Essays, Intitled, *Neck or Nothing*, *Mordecai's Weekly Petition to his Majesty*,—And—*Virtue is its own Reward*—they'll really be my Dying Groans, from the Fleet Prison) I hope I shall be excus'd, or at least Pitted for not knowing when to have done; and so much the rather as there's not a Loyal Subject in the Kings Dominions, but will readily own that my *Early and Bold Discoveries* (call'd *Neck or Nothing*) were Publish'd in such a dangerous time, as would have merited the Greatest Reward I could have ask'd; had I been so Base and Mercenary as to demand Preferment, for what I Publish'd from a Principle of Honour and Conscience, and sincere Affection to the House of Hanover, Then shall I be Ungratefully treated now because I acted Honourably when 'twas in my Power to make my own Fortune in whatever manner I pleas'd. "Shall it ever be said (says the Reverend Author of *Mordecai's Memorial*) that "an Englishman and a Protestant, who by his own Inclination, and at the "Instance of Men now in Power has run himself into Debt, and expos'd "his Life to most eminent Hazards, and has been the chief Instrument "in our deliverance, and so true to that Great Trust that was repos'd in him, that no Temptation could make him discover that Person of Honour from whom he Receiv'd those Jacobite Secrets that furnish'd out "Neck or Nothing; (and which were afterwards confirm'd in the Report "made by the Committee of Secrecy) That a Man who when Threat-ned with present Ruin by a Secretary of State, had the Honesty and Courage to say to a Person of Quality

"Tell Belingbroke from John Dunton, he'd rather die Honourably, than live Infamously; and for that Reason, were he now *starving*, all the Gold in the Queen's Exchequer should not tempt him either to betray "that Person of Honour that had so generously trusted him with his Life and Safety, or to sell his Country for Lucre as he and his Brother Traytor "had done. "Shall it ever be said under this Government, and Ministry, when the Memory of our Deliverances is fresh, that this Man has nothing done for him; that he lies forgotten under the Load of his Debts, expos'd to the Mercy of his Creditors, and must finish his Days, and Rot, in a Jail? If this be the Price, and this the Reward of saving our Native Country from the Awful Judgments of Popery and Slavery, not only in this, but we hope in Ages to come. Blessed be God Mr. Dunton has been the Man, who both cheerfully paid the Price, and can with a Christian Patience, and Submission accept even this Reward. Thus far the Reverend Author of *Mordecai's Memorial*, and I shall presume to add to what he has said of my *Successful Hazards* to serve the Publick, that if they were a General Benefit to my Native Country, I hope the Honest Men of all Perswasions will be so much my Friend (or rather so Grateful as I ventur'd my *All* to deliver them, and their Posterity from Persecution, and Slavery) as to approve and Encourage my *Last Shift*, (of paying my Debts by an *Athenian Library*) for I was never a Bigot to any Party (I. e. I love every sincere Christian, whether he goes to a Church or a Meeting) and therefore (as High-Church, and Low-Church Money is the same thing in a Creditors Bag) I hope both the Tories and Whigs will equally Subscribe to my *Two Thousand Novels*, and that they may do so, I here declare to the Different Parties amongst us, that I have no other end in this *Athenian Project* but to Promote Piety, serve my Country, Entertain the Ingenious with Thoughts that are New and curious, and to pay my Debts, that I might be owing no Man any thing but Gratitude. 'Tis that Famous Dissenting Minister Dr. Williams would often say, he judg'd of all Mens Religion by their Charity; and I shall ever think my Tender Respect for Protestants of all Denominations, is the best Proof in the World of my being a Loyal Whig, and True Churchman, for all such are not only avow'd Enemies to Popery, Jacobitism, and Persecution, but as Cordially love all such that only differ from them in indifferent things, as they do those of their own Party. And therefore (to use those Excellent Words in the *Wycombe Address* to his Majesty) "We doubt not but that all Protestants will, by the Happy Influences of his Majesty's Administration be united, and that part of them who at present by Law are excluded, put upon an Equal Foot with their Fellow Subjects, that is to the Hands of the Church of "England.

PROPOSALS for Printing an Athenian Library.

"England, may be strengthened against the Papists, and their Curfed Agents, who build their Hopes on nothing so much as the Divisions now amongst us. My Reverend and Learned Father Mr. John Dunton, when Rector of *Aston Clinton* in *Bucks*, had the Hearty Love of the whole County (but more especially of the Poor, and Dissented of his own Parish), to whom he was a Common Father, not only by his Weekly Charity, and Philick he gave *Gratis*, (in which he had great Skill) but by his Healing Principles, and Great Moderation, to all such as Dissented from him in lesser matters not Essential to Salvation; and for this Reason he thought it no *Schism* to marry the Daughter of an Eminent Dissenting Minister, (viz. The truly Pious and Learned Mr. John Mariat, his immediate Predecessor at *Aston Clinton*) and to approve of his Preaching in his own House, at the same time when he was performing his *Sacred Function* in *Aston Church*; and for this Reconciling Temper, my Reverend Father was so greatly Esteemed and Distinguished, that when he departed this Life at the Parsonage House in *Aston Clinton*, his Death was so universally lamented, that *Presbyterians*, *Independents*, *Anabaptists*, and even *Quakers*, came Twenty Miles round to his Funeral, and considering how many Thousand true Mourners there came to pay their last Office of Love to his Dead Body, I verily think there was scarce a Moderate Christian or noted Dissenter in the whole County of *Bucks*, but shed Tears on his Grave.

Noble Patriots—I don't pretend to Equal my Truly Reverend and Matchless Father, in any one of his Good Qualities, (and much less in that distinguished Goodness, that adorn'd his whole Life and Ministry) yet I do so far *Patrisare* as to Affirm (with that Great Prelate Archbishop Tillotson) That our *British Protestants* agree in every Thing, and Quarrel about Nothing, or (in plainer Terms) That they only Jangle about Words, when they Heavily think the same thing, and therefore I hope my Fellow Subjects of all Perswasions will unite (at least) in a General Subscription to my *Athenian Library*, for 'tis no *Party Book*, and sure I am (as Dr. Scott has prov'd in his Excellent Treatise intitled, *The Christian Life*.) There will be no Dissenter in Heaven;

(All we know o' th' Best above,
Is that they sing, and that they Love.—Herbert.)

Then why should we Quarrel in our way thither; my Pious Father would often say, were Prejudice and Interest but laid aside, all true Protestants would soon unite as one Man, against their Common Enemy the Papists; which being also my own Opinion; (and what I receiv'd from my Reverend Father in my Early Days) I shall (like him) most Heavily Love and Respect the Protestant Christian of any Church; and seeing the Protestant Dissenting Ministers (in their late Humble Address to his Majesty) have assured the King, "That he has not an open, Secret, or Suspected Enemy amongst all the Dissenters of Great Britain, and that in the late Rebellion on they express their utmost Zeal to suppress it, and now expect or desire no other Reward, (or Privilege) for these Loyal and Seasonable Services, but a Toleration of their Religious Principles, and a larger Capacity to serve his Majesty; I hope to see such a Body of Faithful Subjects (for they greatly deserve it) Distinguished in another manner than by marks of Infamy; for 'tho the High Church Priests, or Passive Rebels (who were never Loyal to any Prince, but just so long as he Careless, and Humours 'em) call 'em *Schismatics*, *Republicans*, and Men of *Anti-Monarchical Principles*, I say nothing of the distinguished Loyalty of the Protestant Dissenting Ministers, in this Character, but what I know to be True by that Intimate Acquaintance I had with 'em for Thirty Years, occasion'd by my Printing Two of their *Morning Exercises*, and by marrying a Daughter of the Famous Dr. Samuel Annesley, who Really was the most Religious, and Charitable Divine that I ever knew, (and so truly Loyal that he never Pray'd in his House, but he Pray'd for the King, and the Royal Family) and his Daughter *Elizabeth Annesley* (tho a strict Dissenter) was the Greatest Blessing, of my whole Life, and therefore if doing the Dissenting Ministers Justice in these Sheets will engage their Friendship (but more especially the Members of Dr. Annesley's Church) I hope they'll as readily Subscribe to my *Athenian Library* as if I were exactly of their own Opinion, feeling were Rich, and they Reduc'd to their *Last Shift*, I should not make their differing from me in lesser Matters (Provided we agreed in the main Points of the Christian Religion) any excuse for my not serving of them, both with my Purse and Hearty Prayers; (and that both for their Temporal, and Eternal Welfare) and therefore as I have Receiv'd Letters from most parts of the Kingdom, (and from Men of all Perswasions) declaring 'tis the Sense of the whole Nation, that my Loyal and Successful Hazards to serve the Publick, deserve a Grateful Return, from all Ranks and degrees of Men; that I may try the Sincerity of these Compliments (as well as the Gratitude of all Parties) I here propose a Speedy and Generous Subscription to my *Athenian Library*, and if they amount but to *Three Thousand Subscriptions*, (as that Noble Patriot, and worthy Justice of Peace, who first advis'd me to this Undertaking, said he did not doubt but they would) they will not only Pay all my Debts, and Inable me to Publish my *Athenian Library* to the Satisfaction of all my Subscribers (which will not only be a National Service, if I may Judge by the many Editions of some of my Tracts, Scarcity of others, and Novelty of Twelve Hundred, which have been long sitting for Publick View) but will be a Noble Reward for my *Neck Adventures*, in which every *British Subject* has already Shar'd, and will reap farther Advantage, either by himself or by his Children, as long as King George, or any Branch of his illustrious House sits on the *British Throne*; Neither can I in the least fear the Procuring *Three Thousand Subscriptions*, for—many a little makes a Mickle—and have not mention'd the Printing an *Entire Collection* of all my Writings, to any Person ('tho never so mean) but has promis'd me one Subscription; my *Athenian Brethren* the Booksellers of London and Westminster, were ever so very kind and Generous to an Insolvent Brother, or Author, that I don't

fear a *Thousand Subscriptions* from the Stationers Company, I expect as many from my Old Friends the Quakers, I can't miss of Two *Thousand Subscriptions* (at least) from the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy, of Great Britain; and if my *Athenian Library* is so Greatly Honoured as to Receive *Three Subscriptions* from the Royal Family, viz. from the King, Prince, and Princess, (as I am in Great Hopes it will; my Treatise intitled, *The Golden Age*, being Catalogued for his Majesties Library, by his Special order, as Mr. Gatekey told me when he gave me the *Gold Medal*) I don't fear Two Thousand Subscriptions more before the Conclusion of next Week; for 'twas said of the Great Alexander, He would never bestow a Favour upon any Subject, but when he was inclin'd to give as a Monarch; and I'm sure there never was a more Grateful King, or a more Generous Prince; and Princess, then now sits on the British Throne. And therefore the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, can't ask a Greater Favour of the Present Ministry, then to request 'em to inform his Majesty, how much he has distinguished himself in his Service; and 'tho perhaps being brought to my *Last Shift*, I may Reckon my Chickens before they are hatcht, yet as several Persons of Quality have already promis'd to Subscribe, Ten, Twenty, Thirty, and some Fifty Guineas, to my *Athenian Library*; (of which Number my Noble Friend the *Kemish Gentleman* before mentioned is one) I can't miss of a Generous Subscription from all Persons, into whose Hands these Proposals shall come; but more especially from the King, Prince, and Princess, and the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy, of Great Britain and Ireland, for were not I my self the Sole Projector, and Author of the *Athenian Library*, I would assert that a Ready and Generous Encourager of a Neck Adventurer in his Majesties Service, will in a Great Measure discover who amongst the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy, are his true Friends, and who those Empty, and deluded Bubbles, that we call *Jacobites*; for 'tis only the Lover of King George (however dignified or distinguished) that will be Generous in Rewarding those who have ventur'd Neck or Nothing in the worst of times, to detect the Enemies to his *Illustrious House*; and for that Reason I shall be oblig'd both in Loyalty his Majesty, and in Gratitude to my Benefactors, to insert in my Poem, intitled, *The Generous Subscribers*, [mentioned in these Proposals] a distinct Character of all such Persons (whether they be Noblemen, Gentlemen, Clergymen, or my Fellow Citizens) that do, or do not Subscribe to this undertaking.

Noble Patriots—I presume by this Time you are fully Convinc'd that Poor *Mordecai* is brought to his *Last Shift*, and that (chiefly) by those Desperate Hazards he ran to detect the Enemies to King George, and his *Illustrious House*, when the late Ministry were in Power; and consequently that I have great Reason to expect, that not only his Majesty, but the Nobility, Gentry and Clergy of England; (who are now reaping the good Fruit of my *Neck Adventures*) should extricate me out of those Tormenting Difficulties into which my Loyal Hazards have brought me; and that to my utter Ruin, except the Royal Bounty of King George, or a Generous Subscription to my *Athenian Library* prevent it in Few Days; or did there want any farther Proof that the *British Mordecai* is now brought to his *Last Shift*, I could not produce better Evidence of my present Forlorn Condition, then the present ungrateful Treatment of my Summer Friends.

For 'tis not long since I could take up a Thousand Pounds upon my own Estate, but now the Two Heavy Weights of a Mortgage, and a Jointure Shackle, has deprived me of all Assistance where I might most expect it.

'Tis not long since, that a Flourishing Trade (and my clearing with all my Stationers and Printers, every Six Months) gave me such great Credit for Paper and Print, that there was no Person I then Dealt with but would gladly have Truſted me to the value of Five Hundred Pounds; (and this Credit was greatly encreas'd by that distinguished Honour Queen Mary did me in making me the only Member of the Stationers Company to whom she gave a Royal License, for Printing *The French Book of Martyrs* or *Famous History of the Edict of Nantes*) but being brought to my *Last Shift*, by frequent Suretyship, Losses in Trade, and the Service I have done my Country) I can't say all the Stationers and Printers, in London, would now Trust me with Five Pounds, except it be by my Five Generous Creditors Mr. Tookey, Mr. Grantham, Mr. Lea, Mr. Gilbert, and Mrs. Collins; and for that Reason they shall take all my Ready Money, (as soon as my *Athenian Library* has paid my Debts) and are the only Printers with whom I'll Trade to the end of my Life.

'Tis not long since my Rich Friends would lend me Fifty, or an Hundred Pound upon my single Note (nay bare word) but now being brought to my *Last Shift*, that very Friend that never deny'd to do me any kindness before (and who knows I over-paid all his Favours by a Handsome Present of Guineas,—by being bound for his best Friend.—And by giving of him a Rich Bargain, for little more then a Song) like Lord *Timont's Friend*, was the first Man that Refus'd to be bound for the Poor Sum of 50*l*. and for that Reason He and the *Sly Politician* that advis'd him to desert his Tried Friend in Distress, are clear Proofs to me, that there's no such thing in the World as a true Friend when a Man really wants him;

The Giddy People follow Fortunes Flows,
'Tis adverse Fortune, real Friendship shows
As Gold's unknown, by Fire not Purify'd,
So Friendship by Adversity is try'd;
Whilst I cou'd give, or Money had to lend,
How was I Hug'd, and call'd the only Friend.
But now my Fortune does begin to wain,
Not one of all my Crowd of Friends remain;
Then who'd on Favour, or on words depend,
When there is no such thing as Real Friend!
No constant Love, no Grateful Action due;

Mordecai's Last Shift, Or,

No Man that's Profit-Proof, nor Woman true,
Your Friend if wanted, shall soon weary prove,
Your Mistress Tempted shall desert your Love;
All Friendships—*Shadows*—but what shines above.

But I would have all such Summer Friends Remember they must never expect any more Favours from me, that desert an *Old Friend* in Adversity, and one that never ingag'd 'em in any Bonds, but what he paid on the same Day, on which they became due; so that Poor *Mordecai* may be well brought to his *Last Shift*, when the very Persons on whose Friendship he so much depended, (and so greatly extol'd) when he came to try the Sincerity of it, found it no more than a fawning Pretence for their own Advantage.

'Twas this Selfishness, and Falshood, which is commonly found in all Earthly Friendships; that made *Apeimantus Lord Timon's* Friend, speak as follows;

Immortal Gods I crave no Pelf,
I pray for no Man but my self,
Grant I may never be so fond
To trust Man, on his Oath, or Bond,
Or a Harlot for her Weeping,
Or a Dog that sleeps a Sleeping,
Or a Jallour with my Freedom,
Or my Friends if I should need 'em;
Amen, Amen, and so fall to't
Great Men Sin, and I eat Root.

I can't say (*Noble Patriots*) but *Apeimantus* is too censorious in these Reflections, (which he calls his *Grave*) yet I must affirm if there be such a thing as a Friend, (which some question) 'tis only he who has the Courage and Honour to defend and assist us from the Beginning of Winter to the End of it; for when the Summer [of Health and Prosperity] comes, all the World will careen and serve us; But where are these Winter Friends? For my own share (the Generous Subscribers to my *Athenian Library* excepted) I never saw the Man that would own a Friend in Adversity. I confess, if any thing could begot us Friends, it would be the freely venturing all one has, to serve others in their Distress: But this I have done for several; but upon the first Cloud that arose, I found those that I most obliged, the very first that would cut my Throat: So that (as *Cowley* says) "There are fewer Friends on Earth than Kings, Friends! What hard Word was that? who ever see any of those Creatures? Are they Men and Women? If they are, they come from *Bantam*, or *Japan*; for my part, I never saw any such born in *England*." 'Tis true, I have seen something like 'em, call'd by the Delicate Name of *Well-Wishers*; Persons that have it often in their Mouths, Well, Mr. Duntson, I'm glad to see you well, and should mightily rejoice to hear that the King had Rewarded your Seasonable, and Loyal Services, with paying all your Debts, and giving you a Noble Pension, that you might be as happy as formerly; when their *Shadows of Friends*, would not step over the Threshold to do me a Kindness, or to inform his Majesty that nothing is yet done for me. So that except I'd put my self in the *Gazette*, or stand at the *Exchange*, like an Irish Man, with my Breaches full of Postions, delivering 'em like Doctor's Bills, to all I see, I shall get nothing; nor scarce so neither; for now my Purse is empty no Body knows me; (neither Brothers, Sisters Uncles, Aunts, Cousins, &c.)

Be Poor (or Sick) your Company they shun,
For Shadows vanish with the setting Sun,
This is my Friend for ever one would think
Where Blood and Inclination ties the Link,
But all's Amusement, there's no Friend but Chink,
I have no Friend in Constangulinity,
If I have Friends 'tis only such as be,
Meer Strangers to my Fathers House, and me;
Then Farewell Summer-Friend, for at the best
Thou art a *Trencher-Snake* a *Swallow-Guist*,
That flies in Winter, and still loves in Jest.
When Fortune shin'd Dear Friend was then the Word,
Come oft, come Borrow, what my House affords;
But now my Sun is set, you han't to lend,
You are but just the *Shadow* of a Friend.

The surest Friend I have found in my Retirement, and since my Expensive Hazards have brought me to my *Last Shift*, is an Embroider'd Wastcoat, Presented to me by that Ingenious Querist Mrs. *Ann Godfrey*, it has stuck to me for Thirty Years, and I could almost grow Superstitious over the very Ruins of it. I might also mention my *Dog Spot*, for like a Winter Friend he sticks close to his Master in all Weathers—He's a Dog of Honour—and teaches Fidelity, Love, and Gratitude to all such as slight their Friends in distress—well might *Job* say, *Ask now the Beasts, and they shall teach thee*—There is such true Love, and Gratitude, in some Brutes, (but more especially in the *English Spaniel*) that my Summer Friends (the greater Brutes of the two) are meer Strangers too; so that there can't be a better Proof of *Mordecai's* being brought to his *Last Shift*, then that Ungrateful Treatment he now meets from his Summer Friends, (whether they be Relations, or Common Acquaintance.) However I hope to make such good use of the Ingratitude of my Summer Friends, as may turn more to my Advantage than all the Services of my Tried Friends; for ungrateful Men are the only Persons can make me to abhor in my self, what I see so odious in them: For to reflect upon my own Ingratitude

to God; how humble and modest should it make me in exalting Gratitude to my self, a poor sinful Mortal, who never think how much I am indebted to God's Favour and Goodness, for all the Means he gives me of helping others. And I ought to esteem the Services I did my Summer Friends as special Blessings Heaven bestow'd upon me; nor can their want of Acknowledgment do me the least Injury: For, if I look into my self, to see with what Mind I serv'd 'em, and find I had no Worldly Respects in it, but was carry'd to it by a Charitable Sense of their Wants, and Respect to my Duty, they then by their Ingratitude turn me over to God for my Reward; and how much better is that, than the best of their Acknowledgments? Or if my sole Aim was to tie 'em to me, that they might repay me in the same Coin, how well do I deserve to lose so vain a Reward? Or suppose 'twas a fawning and pretended Affection that deluded me (a misfortune Men of my Credulous Temper are most liable to) I have amends made me, by their shewing me that the World is fill'd with false Appearances, and that 'tis a Folly to rely on Humane Comforts; for Change of Fortune, changes Friends, for the most part. All I have to regret is, that my Pains and Cost should be so far lost, as that the kindness I intended, should be turn'd to an Injury, by making 'em guilty of so black a Crime as every one calls *Ingratitude*. (Or in Plainer English, that Neglect of Rewarding my Publick Services, which has brought me to my *Last Shift*;) but as a Subscription for Three Thousand of my *Athenian Library*, will set me above the ungrateful Treatment of my Summer Friends; I have Great Hopes the Noble Patriots of Great-Britain, will not suffer me any longer to be insulted by 'em.

Were any other Motives still wanting to excite our *Patriotism*, *Country*, and *Cherity*, to a Generous Subscription to my *Athenian Library*, (as I would greatly Reflect both on their Honour and Justice, to say their in) I'd fetch 'em—From my *Early and zealous* Appearing for *English Liberties*—From my *Seasonable* defending *Revolution Principles* against the *Hereditary* Cause of *Southwell*, *Higgins*, *Wilton*, and other *Preaching Jacobites*—From the many Books I have writ and given away at my own Charge to detect the Errors of *Papery*—And from the Great Sum of Money I have spent at Publick Elections. (And that ever since I Traded as a Fireman of London, Poll'd as a Liveryman of the Stationers Company, or Voted as a Freeholder of *Burks*) For from my youth 'till now, I ever had a just Abhorrence of *Papery*, and *Slavery*, and for that Reason could never be Tempted to betray my Country. (either by Pen or Vote.) When my Lord P—— sent to me (tho I was then in the *House of Debits*) to request my Vote and Interest for Knight of the Sh—— for B——, I would not so much as see the Messenger, to show my Abhorrence of a Candidate that (by his Zeal to persecute Protestant Dissenters by a *Schism* and *Occasional Bill*) had convinc'd the Friends to the *House of Hanover*, he was hankering after a Popish King. A Papist, Jacobite, or Persecuting Tory, (if he ever gets into the House of Commons) will always Vote for the Pretender, *Papery*, and *Slavery*, and the utter Ruin of his Native Country; but he that's a true Friend to the present Constitution in Church and State, will like that truly Faithful, and Wise Patriot Mr. *Hampden*, always Vote for the Honour and Safety of Great-Britain, and for securing the Protestant Succession (in the illustrious *House of Hanover*) to the Worlds end; and for that Reason had I (or could I procure) a Thousand Votes, that Generous Patriot Mr. *Hampden* should have 'em all, neither would I give one single Vote for a *Tacking Knight*, would he give me his whole Estate. And as 'tis this Steady and untainted Fidelity, and Love, to my Native Country, and the Protestant Succession, has brought me to my *Last Shift*, I have Reason to hope, 'till I engage the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London (Sir *James Bateman*) Sir *William Ashurst*, Sir *Thomas Abney*, Sir *Gilbert Heathcote*, Sir *Charles Peers*, Sir *Richard Hoare*, Sir *William Humphreys*, Sir *John Ward*, Sir *Thomas Seawen*, Sir *Edward Gould*, Sir *Thomas Webster*, Sir *Richard Hubbon* and the whole Court of Aldermen to be Generous Subscribers to my *Athenian Library*; for there's scarce a *Whig Liveryman* in the City of London, but knows I ran the Risk of a *Scapè Warrant* to Vote for the Four Merchants, and without any other Reward (tho I could have sold my Vote and Interest as dear as I pleas'd to the Jacobite Party) than that Glorious Satisfaction of having done my Duty to my King and Country, which is miserably Trick'd and Divided by a False Cry of the Church's Danger; and therefore (tho I resolve to live and dye in the Communion of the Church of England, yet) I chuse to unite with any Denomination of Protestants for the Common Safety. And perhaps it is to this Principle and Behaviour (as well as strict Justice in all my Dealings) I owe the Honest Character I have maintain'd not only in the City of London, but generally amongst my Fellow-Protestants, throughout his Majesty's Kingdoms of Great-Britain and Ireland. And as this Constant and unblin'd Zeal in the Choice of Faithful Senators is matter of Fact, I hope there will not be found one Member of the present truly Loyal and Honourable House of Commons, but what will be a Generous Subscriber to my *Athenian Library*, seeing the Right Honourable Mr. *Walpole*, (the Chairman to the Committee of Secrecy) has not only acknowledg'd my Publick Services in a very Noble Present of Guinea, (which he gave to me with his own hand) but also by the Generous Promise he made at two several Times, of Representing my Case to the Prince of Wales (our late Faithful, and Prudent Guardian) and as a Promise is a just Debt, (for so 'tis call'd by that Excellent Author who writ *The Whole Duty of Man*) no doubt but his Honour had long since inform'd the King, or the Prince, how much I have distinguish'd my self in their Service; had not the Great Affairs of the Nation (but more especially the late *Swiss Conspiracy*, against our Religion and Liberties) prevented him; and tho I can't expect to great an Honour, that the present Parliament should Address his Majesty, that my Desperate, and Successful Hazards to serve his illustrious House (when those Two Tray-

PROPOSALS for Printing an Athenian Library.

ed with his Royal Bounty; yet I am able to prove 'tis the Cry of the whole Nation that shoud my *Neph Adventure* (to save Great-Britain from Ruin) misse of a Noble Reward, that 'twill be a Great Discouragement to all Future Discoveries, that are made (like mine) at the Hazard of Life and Fortune; and this will more fully appear by inserting here Two Letters: that were Inscrib'd to that Truly Faithful, and most Illustrious Patriot Mr. *Walpole*. (The First writ by that Person of Honour, that sent me all those Jacobite Secrets that furnish out *Neph or Nothing*; and the Second writ by that Eminent Clergyman who Publish'd *Mordecai's Memorial*.)

The Letter writ by the Person of Honour was this, viz.

S I R,

W H E N it is proper to put my Name to this, you would, I'm sure believe no Man in England more heartily rejoices in your Recovery, or more sincerely wishes you perfect Health; But, these Things aside, I come now to the Occasion of this Letter.

The Bearer, a very *Honest Gentleman*, and my Particular Friend, has, to the Surprise of all, both Friends and Enemies to the Government, been so long neglected, that I am forced, tho' unwillingly, to put him into your Hands, in a Manner, I confess, a *little odd*; but 'tis such, as for many good Reasons, is the only One I can well make use of at present.

I will not tire you with a Repetition of his Services, since, when you know his Name is *DUNTON*, the other will of Course occur to your Memory: 'Tis enough for me to tell you, That he Printed, and Published, nay Dispers'd at his own sole Cost and Charge, many useful Pieces of Intelligence, relating to the Conduct of the Prime Ministers in the last Four Years of *Queen Anne*, for which the then Secretary *Bolingbroke*, was in Pursuit of the Man for several Months; I leave you to judge, whether that was a useful Service to the Protestant Successor, I am sure 'twas both an Expensive and Hazardous One to the Performer: The late Lord *Wharton*, and I found them very useful Ones in our Parts of *Britain*. There were Reasons why I could not then appear in those Discoveries (for I received 'em from Persons of Great Quality that were nearly Related to me, and whose Names I promised should be ever a Secret) and these Reasons, as I am sure many of them still subsist, which must excuse your nameless Correspondent for this unusual Way of Address.

In short, I had never concern'd my self in this Affair now, did I not think, say know, the King's Honour, as well as the Ministry's, concern'd in rewarding such Services: The Body of Dissenters, nay all our Country-Whigs, murmur at his being neglected, his Reputation stands so fair in the *British World*, that 'twill look ill not to regard the Man: And as I am pleas'd with every thing that adds to your Glory, I should be better pleas'd you were instrumental in conveying these Truths to his Majesty's Ears, than that any other Person living should do so.

The Book he presents you is indeed my Sense, tho' not my Words; they are those of a very worthy Minister, who I made use of on this Occasion, being taken up with other Affairs my self.

Had not my Letter swell'd already to too great a Bulk, I should have told you, that did not my Friend's Necessities press hard, and that I am assur'd the Government should suffer a faithful Servant to sink under Debt, the Greater Part of which were contracted in its Defence, I would not have taken this Freedom with you, Sir, and under a Disguise too. I leave the rest to his own Relation, and will only add, tho' his ill State of Health makes him incapable of the Fatigues of a Place, yet a Sum of Money to clear his Paternal Estate, at present incumber'd, and the Addition of some yearly Pension, as it would make the Remainder of his Days easy, would be a *Real Glory* to the King, and an Encouragement to other Subjects to exert themselves in his Service.

Adieu. I wish you Every Happiness Life affords, and to be always what you now are, the Honour of our *Isle*, and am my self, in every Shape,

Entirely Yours.

The Letter writ by the Clergyman (Author of *Mordecai's Memorial*) was this, viz.

S I R,

M ORDECAI'S Memorial may seem a very odd sort of a Present; but your Generous Temper, and the just Sense you have of Mr. *Dunton's* Services and Sufferings, have brought this Trouble upon your self.

I have, in the best manner I was able, pleaded the Cause of the poor Man who sav'd the City, and whom no Man remember'd. His Difficulties are so many, and his Distress so great, that I am sure, were they understood, they would draw Compassion from every Humane Breast. I am a Clergyman, and have had the Honour to be Mobb'd, and burnt in Effigie in the End of the late Reign, tho' I plead no Merit, nor expect a Reward; but when the kind Providence of God wrought sudden and surprising Deliverances, Brought his Majesty King *George* in Safety to the Throne, I was mov'd with a Generous Repentment, that poor *Mordecai* should have *Nothing done for him*. I saw him perishing under his Load of Debt, contracted in the Hazardous Service of his Country; I was not unacquainted with the large Assurances made him by the late Marquis of *Wharton*; I was convinc'd he was able to compare Notes with the Real and Eminent Services done, with many whom the Favour of their Prince has Bountifully Distinguished. This being his Case, I was sensibly touch'd with it.

*Non duri genitrix me cautibus horrens
Cautasus, Hyrtanarum admittunt Uberta Tigres.*

I am, Sir, intimately acquainted with your Generous Service for Poor Dr. *B—g*, when the late Marquis of *Wharton*, and other Persons of Quality refus'd to undertake for him; and I cannot doubt your Readiness to roll away the Reproach from the Present Government and Ministry, which Mr. *Dunton's* Rotting in a Prison would unavoidably cast upon them.

With all possible Importunity, I beg it of you (and so do those other Clergymen and Persons of Note, who engag'd me in this Just Remonstrance) that you'd take a proper Opportunity to present one of these Memorials to the Prince, and support the just Intention of it with the Sincere Concern, which you know in Honour and Conscience, is due to it.

I am,

S I R,

Your much oblig'd, and
Affectionate, Faithful
Humble Servant, &c.

If any Half-Patriot (or Great-Little-Man) to excuse his Mean or No Subscription to my *Athenian Library*, shall pretend to Question the Truth of any of those Hazardous and Successful Services mentioned in the Two foregoing Letters to Mr. *Walpole*, he need but Read my Two Essays Intituled *Neph or Nothing*, and *Queen Robin*, to be fully convinc'd they contain nothing but Plain matter of Fact, and such as has in Reality brought me to my Last Shift.

It has I know been often insinuated (both by the *Examiner* and other Jacobite Writers) that I was supply'd with great Sums of Money, to carry on these Expensive as well as dangerous Services by the Whigs here; but I most solemnly declare that Assertion is of a Piece with what those Writers use to advance, that is utterly False; I never had one Farthing from any Person whatever, but out of my own Paternal Estate, and when that fail'd Credit bore the whole Charge of Printing, Publishing, and Dispensing those Discoveries, for which they fancy me so well Rewarded. That Year Judge *Dormer* was Chose Knight of the Shire for *Bucks*, I writ an Essay I call'd *Plain French*, or a *Savage on the Tickers*, (which my Lord *Wharton* doing me the Honour to read and approve) I gave several Hundreds of them away to the Freeholders of that County, to warn 'em against that Dangerous Experiment (as *Queen Anne* call'd it) of Chusing any more Tackling Members, whose Behaviour in the Parliament House was so *Plain French*, that they wanted but one Opportunity more to Restore the Pretender, Popery, and Slavery, and as I have given away at my own Expence many Hundreds of my *Neph or Nothing*—*Queen Robin*—*Royal Intrigue* of the *Warning-Pan*—*On and Bull*—*King Abigail*—*Mob-War*—*Imprachment*—*Golden Age*—And Twenty other Books of my own Writing, so I verily think should I get as many Thousand Pounds by Subscribing my *Athenian Library*, as the truly Honest and Generous Mr. *Andrew Bell* (and his Heirs) are like to get by Reprinting my *Athenian Oracle*; I should think it all too little to spend in the Service of my King and Country.

This great Zeal and Charge of mine to serve the Publick (where I found Men of great Fortunes of a little poor Scingy Soul) is visible by the Incumbrance upon my Estate, and the Narrowness of my present Circumstances, which most that know me can attest, being at this Time indebted to many of my Friends, for the Money expended in the above-named Services, but more especially to my sincere and Marchless Friend Mr. *Jonathan Townsend* (a Grocer now living in Brandford) to whose great Generosity and Goodness, I wholly owe my late Discharge from the Fleet Prison, and the very Charge of Printing these *Proposals*; and as I was never Selfish in my whole Life, I hope no Fellow-Subject will be so unjust to think I have any Eye to my own Advancement, when I assert no Man deserves either Honour or Riches, but he that like Sir *William Ashurst*, Sir *Thomas Abney*, Sir *Gilbert Heathcote*, and the Present Lord Mayor of the City of London, has a Soul brave enough to enjoy it himself, and to be a common Blessing to his Native Country (but more especially to such honest Poor as would Work hard for their Bread cou'd they get Employment.) My late Lord *Wharton* (who was my Countryman) and used always to employ my Interest in *Buckinghamshire* (where my Estate lyes) for carrying the Elections in that County, well knew these to be my real Sentiments; and I make no doubt but that Illustrious Patriot my *Hampden* (for whose Election my latest at *Iwer*, *Chalfont*, *Amerham*, *Latimer*, *Stiffenden*, *Aston*, * *Stone*, *Wendover*, *Chesham*, *Ailbury*, and other Places, has often procured several Hundred Votes,) will give me this Loy-
al and Publick Character; For 'tis very certain (Mr. *John Dunton*) my Lord *Wharton* (his very great and Particular Friend) would have honour'd me thus far, or *Years* would never at my Request have recommended my

worthy Friend Mr. *John Poy*, to my Lord *Hallifax*, as a Gentleman that deserv'd a considerable Post; and therefore the Death of the Noble and Generous *Wharton* was not only a National Loss, but was the greatest Misfortune that cou'd have befallen me at this juncture. For I am sure, had he liv'd to see his Majesty a little at Leisure to Reward such *Neph-Adventurers* as Mr. *Bifur*, Mr. *Ridpath*, and Poor *Mordecai* he would have spared me the unwilling Task of laying these Things my self before my Gracious Sovereign in a Humble Petition, (as we in Begging *Proposals*) as pressing Necessity (or being Reduced to my Last Shift,) now forces me to do.

Noble

Mordecai's Last Shift, Or,

Noble Patriots! If all this Loyal and unrewarded Expend in the Cause of King George, and the Protestant Succession, deserve a Distinguishing Favour (or Grateful Return) I don't fear a Generous Subscription to my *Athenian Library*, (of Ten, Twenty, Thirty, Forty, or Fifty Guinea) from every Duke, Earl, Lord, Baronet, Alderman, Rich Citizen, and Member of Parliament, to whom I shall send these Proposals, (by my worthy Friend Mr. Alexander Rigby) and I as little fear a single Subscription of one Guinea, from the Poorest Man in the Kingdom (that gets his Bread by the Sweat of his Brows) Provided he be a Loyal Subject, or Lover of Novelty, and as my whole *Athenian Library* consists of Two Thousand Distinct Treatises, (of which Twelve Hundred are wholly New and Surprising) I hope I may without Vanity say there is no Man (whether Rich or Poor) that Subscribes to it, but will (by that Generous Act) both Please himself, and oblige the Author.

Thus (*Noble Patriots*) I have earnestly pleaded for your Generous Subscription to my *Last Shift*, (or *Athenian Library*) 1. From the Consideration of the Novelty of the undertaking. 2. From the former Readiness of my *Athenian Oracle* to Answer all Nice and Curious Questions Gratis. 3. From my Loyal Hazards to detect the Enemies to King George, when the late Ministry were in Power. 4. From the Jacobites Resolving I shall be the first Man they'll hang (when ever 'tis in their Power) for Proving their Popish Idol a Sham-Prince, and all his Adherents Traytors and Villains. 5. From the present ungrateful Treatment of my Summer Friends. 6. From the Great Sum of Money I have formerly, and lately spent (both as an Author, Liveryman, and Freeholder) to Secure the Rights and Privileges of my Native Country.—And lastly,—From the Impossibility of my being many Days out of a Prison, except a Generous Subscription to my *Athenian Library* prevents it.

Could I after using so many Moving Arguments, to render my *Last Shift* Successful, think 'twas possible there should be One Small or Non-Subscriber to my *Athenian Library*, amongst all the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy, of Great-Britain and Ireland, I'd proceed to other Reasons, to convince these Loyal Patriots, that the Author of *Neck or Nothing* has a just Title to their Generosity. But as my Publick Services, and the Great Sums I have spent in 'em, out of my own Pocket, are that which has had the Chief hand in bringing *Mordecai* to his *Last Shift*; I assure my self that no Rich Nobleman, Gentleman, or Clergyman, of True Honour, in all his Majesty's Realms, will refuse to Subscribe to my *Athenian Library*; or any longer forget I lately ventur'd my Neck, (and I may truly add my All) to secure to 'em those Blessings they now enjoy: For I can't but think it very Hard, (and I was going to say unjust) that many Persons that scarce did, or suffered any thing, to secure to us the Protestant Succession, and English Liberties, are now Rewarded with Considerable Places, or Pensions, when those that (like Mr. Ridpath, and Poor *Mordecai*) frequently ran the Hazard of their Lives and Fortunes to serve the Publick, are yet Rewarded with Nothing but Fair Promises, and being Reduced to their *Last Shift*; but seeing I came into this World, for no other End but to serve God, and to detect the Enemies to King George, (as appears by my having the Honour to be Born in the very same Month, and Year in which his Majesty first blest the World by appearing in it, viz. in May, 1649) I hope this is a Good Omen, that even the King (as well as his Rich Friends) will sometimes think of my *Neck-Adventures* to serve his illustrious House, seeing of the many Millions of Persons that came into the World in the Year 59, I can't say there is any more Persons now living, that were Born in that Year, but his Majesty, *Joselin Roberts*, Esq; Mr. *Adam Roffer*, and Poor *Mordecai*, and sure I am if his Majesty ever hear of our first Breathing Air in the same Month, and Year with himself, (which is being Born as 'twere on purpose to serve him, and to shew to his Royal Eyes how fading his Life is, by viewing in our Faces the same Number of Wrinkles that the same Months, and Years have made in his own) I can't doubt of a Royal Reward in a Few Days, for Three Men (that were Born in the same Month and Year with our selves) are not soon Forgotten, or if I was Born under the *Three Penny Plague* (when all my Contemporaries are Men of Distinguished Honour and Riches) I hope I shall convince the World, 'tis a better Character to be Honest in a Poor Condition, than to be Rich and ungrateful; and therefore that I may be fully contented under all Events, I'll rather Retrench my Appetites than enlarge my Hopes of being either Great or Rich, for according to the Present unequal Division of this Globe, but a very small part of it falls to my Share; I wonder what ail'd my Forefathers about Seventy Generations ago, that they could not gather Estates, or become Knights, and Lords. It had been the same Pains for me to have been Born to Ten Thousand Pounds, as to Ten Pence, when I was making my way into this World; There's so little Money stirring in my way, that I'm thinking it would do very well to have all good things in Common, or to set up the way of Living without it, as they did in the Days of *Saunderston*; things are Fair enough in their own Nature; another Man's Money just feels like mine, my Neighbours Gold for ought I find will fit my Feb very well, the want of being nearly Related to it is all the mischief, and is the only thing that has brought me to my *Last Shift*.

It were easy (*Noble Patriots*) to break out into Impatience at our Treatment in this World, that when a Man has got Three or Four Hundred Pounds worth of Learning laid o'th inside of him that he's forc'd to make his Appearance in a Threadbare Coat, and then if the Important Man Dies all that his Executor has to elaim after a *Plene Administrament* is a Turn'd Waistcoat, a Pair of darn'd Stockings, a Ragged Shirt or so, which is my Present Case, or I had never been brought to my *Last Shift*, by endeavouring to save all the Honest Men in the Kingdom, from the same Misfortune, and therefore I hope they'll all Consider it by a Generous

Subscription to my *Athenian Library*, according to the following Proposals, viz.

London, April 1st. 1717.

The PROPOSALS are,

I. That this *Athenian Library* will consist of Five Volumes in Folio, and shall be Printed in Columns, in the same Character. and on the same Paper, with the Specimen annexed. Each Volume to contain One Hundred and Fifty Sheets, at the Price of one Guinea in Quires.

II. Each Subscriber for the First Volume is to pay one Guinea down, for a Single Book, (or if he be a Generous Subscriber, Fifty Guineas for Fifty Books, Forty Guineas for Forty Books, Thirty Guineas for Thirty Books, Twenty Guineas for Twenty Books, Ten Guineas for Ten Books; and so in Proportion for a Greater or lesser Number) and as soon as ever this First Volume of the *Athenian Library* is finished at the Press, Publick Notice shall be given thereof in the *London Gazette*, and *Flying Post* that so all the Subscribers by sending in their Receipts to the Place mentioned in the Two Foregoing Papers, may have all the Books they have Subscribed for delivered to themselves, (or to those Footmen, or Servants they shall send) Compleat in Quires, which Promise of Delivering the Books either to themselves or their Order, shall be Punctually Perform'd in less then three Months from the Date of these Proposals, in case Four Prefaces can possibly finish it in that time. But their is an absolute Necessity that the full Price of the First Volume of the *Athenian Library* should be paid down when 'tis first Subscrib'd for, for else should many of the Subscribers Die, before the Work can be finish'd at the Press, the very Kindness they design'd to do me by Subscribing, might bring me further in Debt.

III. As soon as there are Subscriptions for Fifteen Hundred of the First Volume, the Work shall be immediately put to Four Prefaces, and 'tis intended to Print but Few more than shall be Subscrib'd for, which (if Subscribers Prove so Generous to the Author as is expected) 'tis hop'd will be at least Three Thousand Books.

IV. The Names of the Subscribers shall be Printed before the work, except such as desire the contrary.

V. If the First Volume of this *Athenian Library* give that full Satisfaction to all the Subscribers to it, as 'tis not doubted but it will, (the whole Work being to be Revis'd, Corrected and Approved by the several Members both of the Old and New *Athenian Society*) the Proposals for Printing the Second Volume shall be Publish'd next Midsummer, and the said Volume finish'd at the Press the following Michaelmas.

VI. Such Gentlemen as are willing to encourage this *Athenian Project*, by sending in any Curious Novelty, shall have their Generosity acknowledged in what manner they Please.

The undertaker is, Mr. John Dunton, (the Author of the *Athenian Library*) who will be at the *Athenian Coffee-House* in *Stiepry*, every Wednesday at Three of the Clock; in order to Receive Subscriptions, or any Novelty that shall be sent to him by his Generous Benefactors.

Subscriptions are also taken in by S. Collins, (a Printer) in *Black and White Court*, in the *Old Bally*. And by Mr. Alexander Rigby, the Person appointed by Mr. Dunton to deliver these Proposals to the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy now Residing in London, and the adjacent Parts.

Noble Patriots, having Inform'd you what my Proposals are for Printing my *Athenian Library*, and at what Places Subscriptions are taken in, and Printed Receipts left; (for either Fifty, Forty, Thirty, Twenty, Ten, Five, Two, or but a Single Book) all Subscrib'd with my own Hand; I shall next give my Generous Subscribers a Distinct Account what those Two Thousand Novelities are, which shall Compleat my *Athenian Library*.

A Catalogue of the Two Thousand Treatises (or Novelities) in Prose, and Verse, to be inserted in Mr. John Dunton's *Athenian Library*.

1. The Generous Subscriber, a Poem, Inscrib'd to all those illustrious Patriots that have Nobly Rewarded Mr. Dunton (for his Successful venture of *Neck or Nothing* to serve the Publick) by largely contributing towards the Charge of Printing his *Athenian Library*.

2. The Universal Novelists, or an Essay upon the *Athenian Library*, with the way to erect, Compose, and improve it to the best Advantage.

3. The *Athenian Uch*, or a Litteral Duel between Two Members of the *Athenian Society*, (viz. Mr. John Dunton, and Mr. Richard Sauls,) the first Proving whatever we Think, Speak, or Act is wholly New, and the other affirming, There is nothing New under the Sun.

4. The Reform'd *Athenian*, or *Dunton's Idea* of a New Life, shewing how he'd Think, Speak, and Act, might he live over his Days again. To which is added, A Letter writ by a Reverend Divine of the Church of England, Recommending this Ideal Life to the Serious Perusal of all his Children, but more especially his Eldest Son.

5. *Semen Eglesia*, or a Panegyrick upon Persecution.

6. He is the Happiest Man, who has neither money nor Friend.

7. The Greatest Fool is the Man of Learning. Or, an Essay proving, We know nothing.

8. *Athenian wrapped*, Or, a Paradox proving the Fleet-Prison, the Head Mansion-Seat of the Muses, and the Creditor the only Debtor.

9. Majesty with'd: Or, a History of the Inegalitie Rumbles of all our English Monarchs, from William the Conqueror, down to the Reign of his present Majesty.

10. The Philosophers stone, or the Chymical Beggars. A Satyr.

A SPECIMEN of

11. *The Progressive Happiness of the Saints in Heaven*, or an Essay proving that the Blessed above will be Eternally making New Discoveries.

12. *The Hazard of a Death Bed Repentance*, the Tenth Edition, to which is now added, a Third Part which compleats the Essay, also a Satyr upon Conjugal Perjury, address'd to the Husbands of Quality that keep Mistresses.

13. *Dunton's Creed*, or the Religion of a Low-Churchman, written in Imitation of Dr. Brown's *Religio Medici*.

14. *Poverty has Wickedness in't*, or a Paradox Proving no Man is Honest but he that is Rich.

15. *Believe your Eyes*, or a Paradox Proving Black's White.

16. *The High Church Revolution* or some Private Memoirs concerning Passive Obedience, and Non-Resistance (in 88) never Publish'd before, Being the discoveries that were sent by an eminent Prelate to that Person of Honour who furnish'd out *Neck or Nothing* with Jacobite Secrets and is now publish'd at his Request and by his special direction.

17. *To may Hiss if you please but you have lost your Sting*, or a distinct answer to every one of those weekly and infamous Libels intitled the *Savage* (suppos'd to be written by Dr. H——) with the Formal Challenge that will be sent to him upon all his High Church Principles, but more especially those of — Hereditary Right — Passive Obedience — Persecuting the Dissenters, and suppressing their private Academies.

18. *King George's Just Title to the British Crown* or the Celestial Coronation, a Poem.

19. *Dunton's Madhouse*, or a Philosophical Amusement, proving all the People of Great-Britain (the King and Parliament only excepted) are run distracted but more especially the Jacobite Clergy from L——d S——y down to that Mad Priest Dr. S——, and the first Patients the Doctor takes in hand are the *Popish Pretender*, Dr. Wilson, and Sir Alexander *Know-Poss*.

20. *The Gilded Pill*, or a Pangerick on 300 Difficulties all Mortal, iscrib'd to that Immortal Philistia and Author Sir Richard Blackmore, Kt.

21. *The Second Spira*, the Twentieth Edition, to which is now added, a Key to the whole Narrative, never Publish'd before.

22. *Heaven upon Earth*, or an Essay upon the Life and Character of that truly Pious, Learned, and Charitable Divine Dr. Samuel Annesley, written by his Son in Law Mr. John Dunton, and consists Chiefly of his own Observations upon the Doctors illustrious Vertues, for near Twenty Years.

23. *The Royal Diary*, or King Williams Closet Piety, the Fifth Edition so greatly enlarg'd as to compleat the Diary.

24. *The Court Spy*, or a Private Search into the Families, Cabliners, Mistresses, and Designs of some Great Men.

25. *What News* of the Athenian Coffee House, a Poem inscrib'd to the Lovers of Novelty.

These 25 Treatises with Nineteen 100 and 79 more that compleat the Number of Two Thousand will furnish out and compleat *Dunton's Athenian Library*, in Five Volumes. Those that are desirous to know the Titles of all those Two Thousand Novelities that are to compleat the *Athenian Library*, if they'll step to the *Athenian Coffee-House* in *Stapenry*, (where I'll be every Wednesday from three till Five) they'll there find a Catalogue of Three Hundred Novelities, which will be made up Two Thousand with all possible Expedition, for 'tho for want of Room, the Names of all the Two Thousand Novelities can't be insert'd in these Proposals, yet my Subscribers may expect a compleat Catalogue of 'em (with all the Treatises here mention'd) in the first Volume of my *Athenian Library*, of which (*Noble Parties*) be pleas'd to accept the following *Specimen*, both of the Fair Character, and Good Paper upon which I design to Print it; and with this Specimen concludes *Mordacai's Last Shift*, or his *most Humble Address* to the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy, of Great-Britain and Ireland.

A SPECIMEN of Mr. John Dunton's *Athenian Library*, or a Novelty Intituled — *A Declaration of the New Pretender to his Majestys Crown*, against his Rival (a Popish Impostor) that now Attempts to Usurp it, or a Dying Farewel of John the 2d. proving he has a better Title to be King of Great-Britain, then that Sham Prince of Wales, that Stiles himself James the Third. Being Mr. Dunton's Third Venture of Neck or Nothing, to save his Native Country from Tyranny, Popery and Slavery.

If it be Lawful for a whole Nation to secure its Religion, Laws, and Property from utter Ruin, and Subversion, by excluding Papiests from the Throne, and Lawful for them to bestow their Government where they believe those valuable Blessings will be best Secur'd, there cannot be a better Title in the World, than what the Present King has. — *The Bishop of Ely's Thanksgiving Sermon*, Preach'd on the Seventh of June, 1716.

That this Declaration of John the Second, to the Sham Prince of Wales, may make the Greater Impression upon the Minds of those English and Scotch Jacobites, for whose Conversion 'twas writ I'll form it into one of my *Dying Farewells* to this Life and World, (which I promis'd some years ago and shall now incert in my *Athenian Library*), of which take this following Account, viz.

It has been some years my formed Design to employ a little of the time which through the Rich Forbearance of God I may enjoy in taking Solemn leave of this Life and World, and to represent in the best manner, I am able the Naked undisguis'd Sentiments of my own Soul, just ready to exchange Worlds; and looking back with a Sincere Compassion upon this state of things and Fellow Creatures in it. There have been however such extraordinary Occurrences and Events in the Course of that Providence which rules the World, as have prevail'd with me to drop this Design after I was once actually engag'd in it. I have since been doing my utmost as an English Man and a Protestant, for the Security and Preservation of the Religion and Liberties of my Native Country, in which Service I have had both my share of Sufferings in my own Concerns, and of Success in the common cause, and for the Publick Good; the Storm which threatened these Kingdoms being now blown over our Heads, Tranquillity restor'd, and a happy Prospect opened for ages that are yet unborn, it is a pleasure to find my self at Liberty to resume the Design of publishing my Dying Thoughts in a Variety of solemn Farewells to this Present State of things. It is not only the Common Law of Mortality that admonishes me of Dying, but the

Age to which I have liv'd and the Infirmities which that Age draws on, convince me that if there be any more services in my Power for fellow Creatures, I must make the utmost Dispatch, for in a short time, the God who brought me into Being will change my Countenance and send me away. The Subjects I shall go upon, shall be always such as it is decent and proper for a departing Soul and a dying Man to converse with, and by which I may hope, if I don't fail Remarkably, in the Management, to make my Readers both Wiser and better Men. It gives me indeed some Concern, the Design I am entering upon being of vast Extent, lest my candle should go out, before I be able to look well about me, discharge my Conscience and pay the proper Regards to Subjects that are of the greatest Consequence. Perhaps it may be thought two ludicrous to take my first Dying farewel of a Popish Pretender to the Throne of these Kingdoms, but I must alledge for Defence of this Choice, that it was Impossible for me to Dye without some Reflections upon one in opposition to whom I have done so much while I liv'd, and upon the account of which service and the Success that has attended it, I esteem my self perfectly secure, that no Protestant or Englishman will ever have the Ingratitude to say that John Dunton lived in vain.

Dunton's Dying Farewel 1. to an Attain'd Popish Pretender.

Being now to have my Audience or Leave of your Pretendership, I shall lay before you the sincere Sentiments of a Dying Man who was once, 'till the merciful Providence that rules the World reliev'd me, an Involuntary Subject, or with more Truth the slave of your Pretended Father This dying farewel being design'd to cut off all Farther Inter-

The Athenian Library.

tercourse, wont I would hope, be adjudg'd High Treason by the Act of 13th. K. William which has make it no less a Crime, ever since Mar. 1. 1701. to hold, entertain, or keep any intelligence or Correspondence in Person or by Letters, messages or otherwise with the Pretended Prince of Wales. I shall therefore proceed without either fear at Home or Terror from Abroad to make use of those Freedoms, which Men in my Circumstance have always, by Immemorial Custom or Prescription, claim'd to themselves, and which have not been denied to the very Traytors, at their several Executions, who for the Poor unblest and Comfort this gave you in the late Rebellion, have suffer'd to atone the Justice of an injur'd Kingdom.

To begin therefore with my Freedoms, I must tell you they are the Words of Dying Man, that the figure you have made for about Twenty Eight Years has been the most Contemptible the World ever saw, and 'tis with me, the most unaccountable thing I have met with, that you are not grown utterly Sick of Life, and Firmly resolv'd upon the shortest Method of Enlargement that lies in your Power, 'tis plain to a Demonstration, that you have been abandoned of God, and the constant Curse both of your Enemies and your Friends. That God himself has visibly deserted, your cause is certain from Notorious matter of Fact, ever since your flight out of England to the Castle of St. Germain in 1688, till your arrival at Avignon in 1716. it deserves your serious Remarks, that so inflexible has Heaven been to your Cause, that all the devoutest Prayers of your Friends in Great-Britain and Ireland, join'd with your own, and those of your Friends in France, Spain, and Italy, have not been able to prevail for one Favourable answer from above, nay when the heavy artillery of Popish Devotions have play'd upon Heaven, I mean the very Prayers of his Holiness at Rome, there has been a visible and constant Repulse. These Experiments have been tried for Eight and Twenty Years running, and yet Heaven is deaf and unconcern'd for you in any other way then to load you with Disappointments and cover you with Reproach. I grant the justice of a cause cannot always in this World be certainly known by Events; but when for a Course of Years in Opposition to the warmest addresses to Heaven, there has been a Chain of Disasters and not one Saint or Angel in Heaven has been able to succeed, what have you to do more than conclude your self forsaken of God you are clothed with shame, while the Crown you have been flattered with the Hopes of flourishes upon the Head of our glorious Monarch K. George there is more than an Obscure Resemblance in your Return from North Britain with Disgrace, and Senaccarib's precipitate flight into his own Land, when he had threatned Jerusalem and blasphemed the God of Heaven, Only there was a King in the one Case, but none at all in the other.

But to carry the matter further, (for a DECLARATION or Dying Farewel to a Popish Impostor, ought to be Plain hearted and without Disguise) 'tis certain you have been the living Curse both of your Enemies and your Friends I doubt not my being able to make good this assertion, were it needful under their own Hands and Seals. Your Enemies, for I speak now your own Language, that have bravely lost their lives, particularly at Preston and Dunblain, are so many Murthers you have committed, and the Guilt of 'em are Chargeable upon your own Conscience, which the Pope is unable to Pardon, nor can the Flames of Purgatory Burn out the Stain. You have all the Calamities of last year in North Britain to account for, and in particular the miseries of the poor People, who were expos'd to the Extremities of Hunger and Cold, when their Houses were laid in Ashes by your order. Your Friends have sacrificed their Lives, their Estates, their Consciences, and I wish I could not say the very World to come for your sake, and all of them who are yet alive, you may depend upon it, are not restrain'd by their Piety

from Cursing you pretty heartily. And what a hard Case would it be, if neither their Prayers nor their Curses should take effect? thus instead of being Heir of a Crown, you have been born the Heir of Misfortunes, and the Plague of both Enemies and Friends.

The whole Declaration will be Inserted in the First Volume of the *Athenian Library* and (by Proving at large all Promis'd in the Title to it) will consist, of about Two Sheets.

There is Preparing for the Press Three New Essays, which (except the Royal Bounty of King George, or a Generous Subscription to my *Athenian Library* don't Prevent my Second Imprisonment) I shall be forc'd to Publish in Few Days with the following Titles, viz.

1. *Neck for Nothing, or Poor Mordecai's Ramble to Court*, being the Secret History of his Disappointments from Dukes, Earls, Lords, and Baronets, but more especially from those Noble Patriots that (by their Fair Promises, Private Letters, and Golden Presents) have acknowledg'd Mr. John Dunton's Desperate and Successful Hazards in detecting the Traytors to King George in the worst of times (viz. when Oxford and Bolingbroke were Two Reigning Favorites) have exceeded those of the Persian Mordecai (or any Subject of Great-Brittain) and yet to this Day han't inform'd his Majesty that *Nothing is done for him*.—Esther 6. 2, 3. And it was found Written, that Mordecai had told of Bigthana and Terish two of the Kings Chamberlains, the Keepers of the Door, who sought to lay Hand on the King Abasuerus, and the King said, what Honour and Dignity has been done to Mordecai for this? Then said the Kings Servants that minister'd unto him, there's nothing done for him.

2. *Mordecai's Dying Groans from the Fleet Prison*; or Mr. John Dunton's Weekly Petition to the Royal Honour, Justice, and Gratitude of King George, (his Lawful and ever Glorious Sovereign) and to all the rest of his Princely Vertues, that he might not be Bury'd alive (or Starve) in a Jail for Debt, after venturing his All, and Spending a great Part of his own Estate in detecting the Open and Secret Enemies to his Sacred Person and Family.—King George's first Speech from the Throne; "I will never forget the Obligations I have to those that have distinguish'd themselves by their Zeal, and Firmness to the Protestant Succession against all the Open and Secret Practices that have been used to defeat it.

3. *Vertue is its own Reward*; a Paradox, Proving to be close confin'd in a Prison (which is all the Honour and Dignity the British Mordecai has yet got for venturing Neck or Nothing, to serve the Publick) is to be set at Liberty and Greatly Advanced as it teaches that, Patience, Humility, Temperance, Chastity, Prudence, Contentment, Loyalty, Faith, Repentance, Charity, Hope, Contempt of the World, and every other Grace which Intitles us to a Glorious Reward in Heaven, tho it procures us none upon Earth; or at least none to Cruel and Wealthy Creditors, who never Practice these Christian Vertues in that Perfection that Poor Honest Prisoners aspire after, by being deny'd the Honours, Riches, and Pleasures of this World.—Mr. Lamb's Sermon; For my part I have no Views, no inbandsome desires of Interest, or Ambition, I have discharged my Conscience, and my Duty to God, and the King, which is Reward enough, and as much as I look for.

NOTE, These Three New Essays, (if ever Printed) will be Sold by S. Popping in Paternoster-Row, and by most Bookfellers in Great-Britain and Ireland.

F I N I S.